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Spirit Pages

~Messageboard~

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Where would I be without love? My life would mean nothing. It would be nothing. The hand that is not afraid to reach out, to touch, to lift up that which has fallen... this is love. Where the light is the dimmest, the tunnel darkest, the night the longest, she is there, somehow, to reach within my life,

and help me to put the pieces back together. She reaches into the family, to smooth out the rough places- she has a way of helping us solve our puzzles. If only we can wait on her, faithfully, she will always come, to lend the helping hand we most desperately need. She is that which flows in, when we choose to forgive another. She is patient with children, and young hearts, and allows the tenderness of her smile to arouse the feelings which once lay numb and defeated.

She is the reward at the end of a difficult struggle. And so long as one's good

intentions are preserved through the worst
of circumstances, she will ultimately
forgive us our shortcomings.

Whenever we are struggling, she knows.
Love can always feel when someone is in
distress, no matter how distant they may
be. Love is the hen that can tend to all the
eggs in her nest, without overlooking a
single one. Love goes to great lengths to
make amends for the vanities of men.
Without her continual attention we all
would loose our way in no time at all.
When she singles you out for affection,
you will be back on your feet in no time at

all. To give ones life, in service and love, is to receive her highest of honors.

Love is the Earths shield, from outside interference. So it is the same within the individual... holding firm to ones convictions, even while being tossed upon the sea... he or she will always arrive in safe harbor.

Today I am grateful for the love in my life... for how it has simply always supported me, when I needed it the most. Today I am grateful for the countless beings which have touched my life in love, in encouragement, in peace. May every life

that has ever contacted mine be informed
of my thankfulness! May love find
forgiveness within her heart for my every
errant thought... no doubt she knows
them.

Love is a powerful force. It is within her
power to save, or corrupt. When she
singles you out for attention, you can
never allow yourself to become upset- she
is only testing you. It is only up to you,
now, can you meet her challenge, and
bring forth some new alchemy to
reconfigure the cosmos fully? For, she is
only whiling away her hours, and as she

toys with mortals, some rise above;
others, lesser ones, sink, and are
pulverized beneath her weight. (But then,
heavy sinks, right? Light rises?)

~

Though we travel onward, in life, we
seldom do so without contemplating 'the
return.' This eloquent thought, the need to
return again to 'home,' 'mother,' or
'source,' occurs often in the accounts of
experiencers of paranormal and U.F.O.
phenomena, and I think best describes the
deepest leaning in our lives. Activity and
energy but await those moments 'in

between,' times when contemplation and evaluation become easier.

As I get older, I become less of a social person, more of a private one. The world tires me easily, and so I repair into the comfort of my own mind. I retire. I think that this is also an expression of my own need to clear the slate, to start over, to nurture new ideas, and dream in new ways.

When the season is right, I'm apt to pick up pen and paper and practice stream-of-consciousness writing. This is probably the best way for me to find elysium... and tap

into the subtler flows, rhythms, and harmonies of my psyche. This, the 'poetic impetus,' the shedding of light into the creative process itself, is fitting subject matter for myself. I have experience in the poetic process, therefore, I can write about it. Writing about writing. It's like talking about the weather, it grounds and centers me in the present, restoring faith in my own self, in who I am at best.

So, in 'returning,' with pen and paper, maybe I can come to better understanding of my own self.

And, in returning to 'source,' or 'mother,'

one need simply breathe. And how best to breathe? Dont think about it. Simply allow the bodys natural rhythms to flow. Take the air in, then release. In this way, one may easily return to source.

To turn the pages of the mind, to evoke from every shadow the truths and meanings needed to start breathing, to fully live. To capture them into the pages of my journal... and reflect, and wonder.

Life is everywhere. From every page in space, she is continually breathing. In this, she makes no sound. Yet her thoughts echo and clambor about in the rooms and

passages of our minds. She is a firmament.

I long to allow my mind to rest within full consciousness of this living planet, to touch with my bare feet the damp sand of a distant shore, to lay down upon a bed of pine straw and gaze up through the boughs at the milky way. Maybe then I could feel where she is coming from. Feel her breadth, her emotions.

But this writing will have to suffice. She can easily speak thru the pen.

See the power of improvisational writing?

'And when the pages I have written

become many, an order may emerge to guide their arrangement.' The key to growth, the way to shine and fully live as a person. And you don't even have to know how to type! I do my best writing in bed, with a tablet of paper and pen, a cup of coffee.

I Am Water

How best to describe the deepest leaning in our lives? Return to source. I don't seem to ever find enough time for 'returning.' So, I write. When I think about my life, about the people around me, about my current interests, I am reminded of water,

of how, if left undisturbed, it always returns to stillness, to quietude. I see places where I might benefit another, and so I do that. Others draw from my well, and I always can offer refreshment. But if left undisturbed, I return to stillness, seeming to be complete within myself. As the landscape has a valley, I travel its lowest path, always tending to the lowest places. This way always leads me home, to the sea. There, I mix with a vast gulf of understanding, I become unaware of the passage of time. Deep in the night, my ocean is abode for countless life forms. All

find comfort and solace within my vast stillness. Meandering currents traverse me, bringing myriad schools of fish, expansive flowing communities of plankton and amoeba, jellyfish, and shrimp. From somewhere deep within arises a whale, or pair of dolphins, or a lone shark. To my surface they swim, to breathe my salty air, and glimpse the sunshine. It's not hard to feel love, when my surface, far above, is still and calm.

But, always, there is a stillness in my deeps. It is only my surface which occasionally is tempestuous. As a gale or

squall arises, I toss and turn, crashing and sending sprays of moisture into the atmosphere. The swirling currents of air above my surface sometimes generate a waterspout, which reaches up into the clouds. If there is an earthquake within my seabed, my waters are shocked, and waves radiate upwards and outwards, sometimes generating havoc along the coast, and even inland. But this is infrequent. Years, decades pass within my depths. Fish live, and die, and all circulate in vast currents of life and warmth encircling the earth. I was born to be the

ocean... I am water. Other waters continually snake into my many mouths. From far over the continents they have come, to be one with me, and understand again, what it is like, to be the ocean. As long as the sun continues to shine, I shall yeild up my moisture as evaporation, which becomes rain, and forms rivers again, which return to me. I must be, what everything upon this planet, somehow, is *about*. I am the soul of the planet, for all depends upon me. Glaciers find me, in time. Icebergs slowly melt, becoming me. We all live, and then die, and return to

myself. Maybe, I am the soul of the entire Galaxy... my depths, my currents, rivers, clouds, rains, lakes and seas. Drink of me, for I am for you. In purified form I shall form two-thirds of your body, your life, as you intake me through the years. Please don't let yourself take me for granted, as our lives are intricately interwoven. Your health depends upon my health.

I am water.

Onward...

and Inward

Where does the moment arise from? And where does it go? Space and time must be

related in some basic way, I think.

Perceiving the expanding universe around me, and the moment somewhat arising and fading from view... I wonder, 'What holds this material world together?' 'Only the basic forces defy expansions angel.'

The magnetic forces, and the gravitational forces have the world fixed in a state of entropy, while the moment keeps flowing, the stars keep getting farther and farther away.

So like breathing, does the Universe expand and contract. While I can visualise the moments expanding away out of sight,

fathoming them arise from nowhere, as if
a billowing outward from every point, a
great endless expansion... this takes
imagination. If only that principle could be
harnessed somehow...

So, in striving for a clearer picture of
evolution, or the scope of time, one tends
to imagine our earliest ancestors walking
this same soil of the present, separated...

for they have long since died and
decayed,... but remembered in their
artifacts, and spirits, too, which live on.

The depth of time, the space always
expanding, the moments moving on... new

ones being born, and dying...

So, then, one grasps faint recollection of the strange, or sur-real, that somehow super-real neverland, where U.F.O. and alien encounters take place with some... A place where reality is the same, yet strangely different, within another kind of light altogether, yet where one is fully conscious, or maybe more so, than ordinary consciousness.

Imagine, for a moment, the human psyche, within our complex minds and spiritual thinking beings... the super-deep subspace stretching inward from every point, just

beyond the veil... the veil of the unconscious... You just have to think, 'Well, that's kind of like transcendental meditation, the state between waking and dreaming which you may have awoken to from sleeping, only to find the still-playing music in your headphones has never ever sounded so magical,... like long, wispy, rising strands of sea grass swaying rythmically and meditatively upward from the seafloor, rising majestically over your head... a sea grass cathedral?

So perhaps the sur-real, or the super-real (interchangable?) may lay all about us,

everywhere, our every footstep echoed by choruses and reflections, moving slowly outward like waves from a frog on an lilly-pad.

~

We, as living people, dwell within the material plane. Perhaps the material plane is a manifestation of, or intrinsically connected to, subspace. So, then, maybe the U.F.O. phenomenon is simply another manifestation of subspace. The word 'subspace' is helpful to understand that which all springs from, that which is visible to our senses as the multi-dimensional

universe. Perhaps 'mind' is but an aspect of subspace. I want to imagine that there are many planes in existence, within and all about us, in addition to that which we perceive outwardly. So, we dwell within such a narrow plane of sensory data. For an experience like an alien encounter to be what it is, there must be a penchant by some of those on the other side(s) to cross over into ours physically, bridging the veil, so to speak. This must be a phenomenon which involves energies larger than most of us will be able to grasp, I suppose. Kind of like time travel, in which moments and

times which have yet to be or were a moment ago become transcended, an eclipsing of our brains, this crossing of the veil. The mind may choose to forget such an occurrence, or it may consume a large swath of the conscious life, as well, stretching from times long before the intrusion far into the experiencers future.

And, since the phenomenon is not properly acknowledged by the world today, and a degree of stigma is attached to such discussions, the loneliness must be profound, for the experiencer. Who could you possibly tell? You will have become a

time traveller, visiting a distant memory which is your life now. You must somehow cope, you must work, socialise, and put the pieces together only over a period of time, perhaps years. You must find meaning. And, since the U.F.O. phenomenon has only recently begun to include strange animal mutilations, the mind simply reels when thinking of what this all could mean. I mean, do we really have any justification for going the moon or Mars when we can't feel safe walking out to the garage at night? God forbid we grow afraid of looking up to the stars.

But, on the other hand, maybe a positivist outlook is all that is required to keep our lives in comfortable forward moving direction. A modicum of faith in ourselves and the inherent goodness of the Universe of which we are a part. This is pretty much the worldview I have held for years, but which has become shaken within only the past two years. Bring up the subject 'subspace,' and my mind immediately shouts cattle mutilation. It's kind of the foremost issue these days, for myself. But maybe it's just a sign of the times, a metaphor for humanity's fears, in this age.

And at least they're not trying to eat us.

Well, this is just something I've been thinking on, thought I'd pass it along to you. You might try doing a meditation upon the concept of 'subspace,' of how extraordinarily real it might be. Kind of makes me feel rather small, or automatic, in my ongoing. Like there's truly an unknown country all about us, which we can get glimpses of through the inner vision.

~

What is this which animates the cosmos?
Have you ever felt like you were empty,

absent of life... like you had no words to say, no will to move, or make anything?

People who have ever felt this way know the truth full well. We depend upon the work of grace in our lives for everything.

All of the color in our lives, its form and substance, flows from within, from a place that we can't reach ourselves, yet must have faith in. Think about it... the entire material universe has as its origin a place which we simply must have faith in. This is a place where language, and the spark of willpower form the pillars and foundation stones of every civilisation which has ever

been. A place where fashion at last becomes expressed across into this dimension... a place where tremendous star ships arc from horizon to horizon, bearing entire worlds of thought... religions, governments, the arts and literature, song, and poem, such things are the outward expressions of divine will-collective exertion which simply has the will to live, to be born... and so it is. And the cutting edge of this vast galactic plane comes to bear within our own hearts and minds everyday... the magic a child senses, when he grasps something beyond his

reach... when something entirely new springs from his or her words or actions. He contains a power, he knows, which sometimes, when everything is right, shows up, or flows outward, as something larger, more bountiful and full than anything he knows himself to contain. It is this sense, of a larger power within, that can form the impetus for exploration, on many levels. I tend to envision a family of all mankind, which our selves and higher senses are constantly attuned to... which we interact with across our entire existance, thru the secret symbol language

of our souls. Somewhere within resides the power to know, at a glance, the ongoing state of affairs in the lives of people you may yourself not even be aware of. So miracles can happen!

Angels show up in times of need, beings who know you on the subconscious level, who have followed you, and have assistance to give. You yourself may also be a conduit in this fashion. You may not know the full meaning behind your own activities, until you become enlightened. Simply by showing ones self the broader context does one know the reasons... the

meanings behind his or her life. I think that when an artist or writer is creating something from nothing, he or she is definitely walking a surrealist path. He may be simply cobbling together, cutting and pasting and editing smaller pieces, accumulated over a year or more. Or, he may be directly skimming material from the surface of his personal and collective unconscious, drawing upon language or vision or time and sound, or any of the outward senses, and in effect *allowing* himself to flow, and record the passage of moments across time.I tend to think that

this is why some artists can be so egotistical with regards to their personal lives, leading to the syndrome of lending overtly to the mystical origin of their own work. And, for the humanist, maybe 'mystical' is a far closer descriptor to it than any suggestion of 'divine' origin. I mean, the path of humanism encourages the ascension of the individual into his fully realised beingness, but I think that this is more closely relevant to the overcoming of societal ailments, and realising the *inner* potential than it is necessarily a way of interfacing with ones

peers, much less of marketing ones product. This, also is why I think the 'New Age' writers and musicians so often get the short end of the stick. So a person like you or me may, with considerable effort of will, produce great works of art, these are products of the unconscious mind, and factually, only history itself can call a work great, and then, who among us can call him or herself great?

~

Belief in a higher power is a subtle recollection. I can recall glimpses of this as I dream back to my earliest memories of

life... the feeling of complete helplessness and, really ignorance in coming into being, being born, into life on Earth. We start with little or no understanding... of how we got here, why adults are so much bigger and stronger, who put it all together... who made the music on the radio... then, gradually, everything begins to come together.

But for the first 6 months or so of life, it's just such a powerful thing to think about. As you get older, you learn things are the ways they are for reasons, but in the beginning, its all just... ignorance... not

quite unknowing, not quite unconscious,
not unaware of the order implicit in
everything all around... but I was ignorant
of its genesis.

Now, I can recall this wonder that
everything held to help me cope with such
things as death, thoughts of the afterlife...
does it exist... the complete condition of
unknowing.

Now, back to belief in God. Having
experienced some trauma in my life, I've
come very close to death before. But this
has left in me a kind of knowing, that the
world of the beyond... that which we

cannot see, or know by experience in this life... really and truely is awesome, in terms of its power, and well, we can't ever really allow ourselves to slip into the state of thinking we understand much of anything about the afterlife.

Maybe such things can be compared to the differential that was between you and the adult world during, say, the first six months of your life... the awesomeness of all which you did not know, how things, well, nearly everything was for a reason. And the cinch for myself, really, is... where did I come from? I just remember having

conscious awareness at some early stage, but the magic which put me together, or allowed me to enter the material plane... it is on par with such as that which we can consider discussions of the afterlife.

Maybe, the cosmos, or the Universe, is like a melting pot of a sorts... full of dense, powerful experiences, which may or may not be really called 'real.' Feeling the way I do about the mind, and the powers that come into play to create a human life, or allow it to express into the material plane... makes me wonder... if the Supreme Being wanted me to think one

way about something, well, he could sure convince me. But as a soul, life is so fluid...

like life and death are just about interchangeable concepts... we may each have countless existances, folding over each other, blending subtly from one 'heaven' to another, from death, imperceptably... back into life. Just an incredible melting pot of planes or dimensions... coming to bear on some kind of 'ground,' which is commonly accepted to be reality.

I think that, no I know that, we are all souls, and each may be alive or dead as

we wish, but sensory awareness is only available to us in the living state... that is to say, life goes on, seamlessly, without a break, for a hundred years, maybe, then is re-expressed into the material world, in a kind of seamless dream... I mean, you or I may be under anesthetic, or very weak, or compromised physically, or corrupted by disease, and I guess our conscious awareness gets dimmer as we near death's door. So, any one of us might be in 'heaven,' or one of countless rebirths, simply not having been 'informed,' the particulars of the 'mortal matters.'

(Because we just can't know our maker.
Like the drop of water can't comprehend
the rivers source, it just simply is water,
and has natural courses, determined by
real factors.)

So, there's just this sense of wonder I
would convey to the reader, about the
words I use, or how they can suggest
eternal matters and subjects, but never be
that. So I would suggest heaven... this
heaven, to be exact is right before our
eyes... we are inseparable, furthermore.

~

When one sets about to tune in, to tap

into the subtlest rhythms and flows of life upon Earth, or anyplace, for that matter, then he or she should just look within. For it is by turning the pages of the mind, that the flows and harmonies begin to become visible. And what may come will be evidence of your own heart. How many times has it been said, 'go look within.' Love has given so much in Earths recent past. Now we know, virtually without doubt, that the human race has been shaped and engineered for countless aeons by the hands of god, by those within higher planes. How our senses reel, when

thinking of genesis, of the caring hands, which are seen little, but do so much. For how do you stabilise a place like a wild, untamed planet? How can one lend color and substance to the tangible spaces throughout, and allow, then, the higher order flows and sensibilities of a more *intelligent* capacity to unfold?

Space has brought us everything, from asteroids from the sky, to a race to reach the moon, and now Mars, and Venus. Isn't this the science that first brought computers out of the laboratories and into practical applications? And now, it is with

those computers that we have mapped the
human genome.

And once again, what lies within the
human heart? And mind? And how to see
what lies beneath the surfaces of the
mind... within, the within, of the moment,
an enfolding of a moment, with infinite
complexities, and shades, leading
upward... lands of deep beauty, and quiet
knowing, or perhaps a time more like our
own. And of what lies all around each one
of us, in fantastic shades of gold and
emerald green, is akin to our own minds,
our auras, our purest living expression of

eternity.

And so, we find aliens among us, walking
our streets and sidewalks, watching us...
yet unseen. I wonder, perhaps, if the
heavens are the blueprint of life on earth,
then perhaps, aren't we it's seeds,
sometimes germinating into tall, beautiful
pines, or oaks, and other times falling
upon rocky soil, which can't be tilled, and
disappearing. And aren't we all weaving
an extraordinary tapestry of the finest linen,
to stretch around the Earth as a warm
blanket for one so cherished. And as we
see some folds arise, receed, disappear,

we continue to weave, knowing the ongoing project is as good as gold, or silver, and that what we choose or leave out forms the fabric which has carried us across the centuries, and will carry us on.

Everything

...is Art

The physical universe around us is constantly in flux, changing and morphing across the days, months, the years.

Yet the forms we set in stone - our structures - are solid, and enduring. And how do they accomplish this end?

By being flexible... by bending. The same

way that water flows, or air surrounds and enfolds everything.

So, then we do have a sense of the permanance of things.

We can lean upon the walls of our house, knowing that it will not give under our weight- it is permanent. Yet when an earthquake happens, it is the flexibility that becomes important.

Our houses, our automobiles, our roads, our structures such as corporations, families, societies, groups, as well as rules, laws, guidelines... all these things are good when they are permanent... but

great, as they become flexible and supportive of the changing needs of society.

If any one group understands this, then surely, it is artists. But then, everything is art.

As we write, or record, or put paint upon a canvas, we are creating permanent artwork. Yet such a network as the internet allows for great flexibility.

So, we may write, or draw a portrait, but must be always negotiating our footing upon the time we live in. What things can be changed, and what can't. So, where are

the boundaries of the canvas? And my paints or pens... do I know how to use them? So having full control becomes important. When one does have control, then he may feel more free in experimenting - he knows his materials.

Where, ever do these words flow from? From within. For, there is a land below the surface of things, which may be accessed by putting pen to paper, brush to canvas. Seeing how the flow travels, seeing what comes, this is richly rewarding. As the moments flow, I place these words upon the page.

Where is this piece of writing going? What am I trying to relate?

Things such as this are dwelling nearby.

Where may I go? Where can I exist?

Within.

Yet, we may find ourselves held back by awe, or the immensity of writing. When we come into this world, we are empathic, emotional beings, which crave companionship, and human warmth. We share a common linkage with our fellow beings, a deep connection that we may not be aware of, yet is everything. It is only during struggles and tribulations that we

shrink, down into the pit of minimalism and abstraction, and dualism.

Have you ever felt like, there simply is no end to the experience you're having... no way to escape, no way to put up walls? So we look for shelter. I guess this is the way I usually feel, when I write. Writing is an escape, but it's like a barn raising, or a house building. When times get difficult, we often throw ourselves into something creative, constructive.

When life becomes unbearable, you feel your resources taxed beyond themselves, you have to find ways to cope. So,

channelling some of those thoughts and ideas into a book... this has often been my coping strategy, in one way or another.

So there is indeed a power latent within the consciousness all the while, when ones basic integrity is not compromised, and he or she is gifted of having a clear sense of self, or concept, as co-creator of his own life, as builder of his or her own dreams.

To think that there is an all-powerful yet benevolent guiding spirit permeating the cosmos allows one to prioritise effectively. A rememberance of the highest reaches of magic in ones life... the feeling that

miracles are close at hand... a sense of ones own powerlessness, too, and humility, these things can all help with quality writing.

The suggestion of 'space-time' as a fabric is helpful to comprehend the expanding universe. Because when space expands, over time, we get the sense of moments flowing. It may be ones vision of this expanding matrix which allows for full participation within it. Having a 'willing vision' is key, for unlocking so many mysteries of the mind. This only comes with time.

~

We live with blinders on almost all the time. The message is, inner peace, growth, and evolution comes through self-expression.

Personal ideals have been established long ago- the favorite accomplishments, and what they mean. This may mean the finished album, or thesis, or book of shadows... so, until one really practices those same patterns again, how can he or she ever find renewal and revival?

Sometimes, there is just an inner block to much new writing. So, are you trying to

sell yourself short? Yet, the spirit of creativity can be accessed easily, with computers. For through the copy and paste capability it gives the individual, you can always create something new, from an old project, or collection of writings, or recorded sounds.

But there will always be that particular tone your ears will want to hear- so the immediacy of the internet as a venue is valuable. 'At this very moment, I feel proud of this very work I have just completed.'

There is no long-term accomplishment, other than childbirth, perhaps, or in the

areas of human relationships, which can match the immediate rewards of the newly written article, or book.

So, we want to write more often. Stepping out in faith and trust, with no particular need for this writing to be special, allows one to find the ease and grace he or she holds to be important.

So, while process and flow is important, what becomes more and more critical is just the discipline, the practice of writing or drawing. Just whatever doorway or opening into creativity you feel most comfortable using, these ways are more

precious, as we age.

Someone once told me, if the only prayer we ever said was 'Thank you,' then that would be plenty. So what this tells me, is that a sense of gratitude is important for the creative lifestyle.

For when the waters of life begin crashing over the sides of my boat, when I am in danger of capsizing, who else can ever save me, but an angel. She can easily speak thru anyones pen or brush, and somehow revolutionise his or her outlook, given a little time.

So, when there are always secrets yet to

find, it can often be by writing that we can joggle our brains into releasing some special keys, or 'transcendence potions,' and hopefully evolving a bit in the process.

The call to evolve has to be the most universally acknowledged impetus. So maybe by stating this aspiration openly, I might bring forth some sweet thoughts... from my mind, and soul.

But, as I age, my truth sensors have a way of getting duller. I think, my emotions, or something tend to make my mind a little foggy. So, it's not always easy to discern

the best path. So, to avoid mistakes, one must remain sensitive to the heart.

Or, in other words, just do everything as you would ordinarily, to show a measure of faith in oneself. Writing, like this, can be an exercise in creative thinking. Like, how am I doing today? And asking this question can be a very good way to grow.

Or maybe just to pass the time. Like walking, to just while time away.

And, maybe the most valuable lesson learned from the within, from a practice of writing, or music, is simply the lesson of honesty. While space-time can be seen as

a fabric, pervading all, honesty also may be seen as a fabric... the fabric of society.

Feeling a close connection with those around you, a knowing that there really are no secrets kept in this life, allows ones natural pure state to begin to emerge.

~

The psyche holds many answers- it is only up to us, to bring them out... to reveal them. I often enjoy analysing a moment, with pen and paper, looking at various facets, of the now. The moment is so, kind of ephemeral, so writing or recording can make it more visible, and clear. So,

grasping subtleties, reaching within the hidden areas of my psyche, this is what I am after. Really, as one begins to write spontaneously, he or she begins to come into an awareness of the spatial characteristics, around and within his physical form. It often becomes, then somehow, a matter, of touch. We have a sense capacity, that's like an roaming, multisensory extension of the third eye, a point of focus, with which to approach the interior realm. As a circle has a center, so ones soul has a gathering point. So, as different reaches of the subpsyche are

revealed to myself, this roaming point, can become a gathering spot, for ones language collective, to revolve around. So, this writing process, actually, is flowing from, or gathering itself, within my lower torso. One might want to imagine, that a writers thoughts flow from the head area, but often, this is not the case. They may come from the solar plexus, or even from off to one side, or from ones fingertips, upon a keyboard. Surveying, first one thought form, then another, I construct paragraphs. This is wholly dependent, upon the ease with which, these thoughts

relinquish their lights, onto the written page. Writing either comes, or it won't.

Having a clear self concept is an all-important shepherding quality, for writing. So, if one is transitioning, from one period to another, (adolescence to maturity, musician to writer,) the flow might not be as self-assured, or cogent. Yet, myself as an example, the biggest part of my portfolio came while in a transitional phase. I do believe, that there is just so much more inner energy, within ones mind, while in a changing state. These works are filled with wonder. The rational

mind finds stimulus from the mystery, of the experience, and so comes a rushing current of inner air, or voice, which serves both as navigator, thru the experience, and record-keeper, for the future. This is when the artistic role modeling ones parents may have shown, really can shine, for then the changing mind, takes it as natural, or instinctive, to write. And, the rich joy, that can come with retrospect, shows me that documenting an inner experience most definitely has its rewards.

Often, changes in ones political or environmental sphere, can bring on

washes of emotions, a kind of rush of energy, and this can be stimulus to write. It can be during this time of uncertainty, or mystery, that the mind tends to launch on 'vision quests,' writing forays thru which one tries to apply the available light, to identifying the precise nature of the experience. Oh, there's only just so much one can learn, from being a passive experiencer. These language symbols we use to write upon paper, are all like little energy hyper-links, and I always enjoy the ever so subtle energy exchanges, between my vision, and the written page, as my

words flow out. One applies a comparative, kind of analysis, to see how, this experience relates to others from his or her past, and so gleans so much insight.

Writing like this, is just really and truly second nature, to a mind that always seeks to know, and understand this sometimes changing cosmos. So, ones inner constant... is it then a changing sphere? Well, maybe not. But I do sometimes find energy fluctuations, or differentials, from week to week. And ones inner energy level, can be such a great stimulus for writing, or just creating. (Here,

I'm not talking about physical energy levels, but a more of a psychic energy, kind of like a state of instinctive readiness, which some art taps into. Purely improvisational art is so much like a quest for 'higher ground,' a better vantage point, or clearer oxygen. This is just the nature of the human mind. Since everything in the world is tied together, by level upon level of internal, and external fabric, it surely stands to reason that external factors influence ones energy level.) So, energy flows never, ever cease. I want to look at and hold onto, this energy, to try and

discern what it means to me. And so this is why I am writing, these words. And now, I have given myself a new marker, or handhold, within my life. For, since I am an energy being, and am often subject to experiencing many, many energy levels, from my mind, and senses... I like to surround myself with familiar things, and creations of my own life. Writing, or music definitely qualifies.

~

To me, the whole range of humanist thinking to the present day, just all across history, and including the intricate web of

religion and folklore, seems to speak of a journey of the awakening individual consciousness to timeless insights. Such things as the nature of the soul, and ones place upon a cosmic timescale, are hidden things, things to be quested after. Perhaps part of the journey of maturity demands that we each resolve to 'find ourselves,' to return again into an awareness of the natural man, or woman, we each are prior to beginning physical life on Earth. So, when we speak of gnosis perhaps this is what we are referring to. The natural aim of a child may depart from a path of self

knowledge across years of growth. But then the cultural fabric, eventually, as the journey of adulthood starts, begins to inform the person. Maybe, one doesn't awaken, he or she is awakened. At least that's my view of it. Thus begins a process of self-examination. One shows resolve, as he or she begins to analyze the self.

This, can be the 'paranoid critical' evaluation the surrealists spoke of which begins, at some point, to instill a greater love of culture, of conforming to social peer pressure, of the truths embedded in the fabric, and of finding a true direction.

And I believe that the enlightened adult partakes of eternal themes, or motifs from within his own soul, things uniquely relative to him or herself as well as from others, all within spheres of relationships. So, while it doesn't take much brilliance to think in narrow ways, having a firm grasp upon ones self implies a more nonlinear approach to just all of life. So, although inklings of a timeless identity, and the transcending of birth or death, are discovered as one matures, this is the very same journey which begins with, seeing, simply, that symbols are everywhere. I

think, the first real 'clue,' I got as to the nature of my soul, was in seeing the ways solid forms, as well as words and ideas, can have multiple meanings. And so began journey to a greater breadth, and fluidity of expression, which I have manifested as music, and writing. So, perhaps, when we speak of 'intrusions from the subtle realms,' ideas about UFOs, ET, out of body experiences, just the range of paranormal experiences, then this is a structure, akin to a belief system. On the John Mack website there is one quote in particular, which I think summarizes this...

the glimmer regarding UFO experiences of all kinds being like '...an outreach program from the cosmos for the spiritually impaired.' Such experiences as these, then, are really like 'lighthouses' along the shore of ones life, vital keys which provide a set of handholds, or reference points as if from a tumultuous ocean. Some people report having had these experiences their entire life, others not so regularly but no less invasively, still others are never touched. So these are part of an inner structure, a kind of a monkey bars, as if for getting over a sand pit, or simply

navigating within society. Maybe everything which is construed to affect an individual, and is interactive, can be seen like this. But I would say the ET phenomenon is expressly this: drawing upon it speaks of a return to a natural place, or source, a stability or grounding which may be lacking and, might can be seen as relevant to the whole of mankind.

Mankind has always faced challenges; such things as the threat of ecological collapse, the spectre of worldwide conflict, famine and disease, have all occurred before. So, angels have always

been spoken of as 'aiding' mankind. There's just something splendid about the extraordinary, and the paranormal, which captivates my mind. Perhaps, I wouldn't be writing this very post, were it not for what I know about these experiences, and the enthuse I feel in talking about them. It's like reading about space exploration, or new computer technologies to me. It's exciting, and so I want to talk about it. And participate in an evolution.

~

Here's a thought. Maybe, the virtual expansion of space is the result of matters

action, upon nothing. Perhaps, the 'void' is but one half of a grand totality... physical matter being the other. By its nature, matter is in highly energetic motion, so I wonder, could there be a kind of spin-off of matter being perpetually generated?

From within the space it occupies? Perhaps, matter exists in more than one phase... in one of which, it interacts with the void by creating an outward expansion, kind of like ripples from a lillypad. In its 'recessive' phase, maybe, it tends to bring the void inward. So, it would follow that all matter in our

universe is now in an expansion phase, and that eventually, it will enter a recessive phase, and possibly alternate, like breathing. Maybe this has relevance to the alien encounter experience. Folklore holds that 'little green men' have occasionally interacted with our kind... I guess my question is, is there a type of matter... physical, living, or psychical... which interacts with the zero point field in such a way as to draw a glowing halo about itself. I've had dreams about glowing beings, elements within my mind, or imagination which seem to have an

eerie green glow like an aura all about them, at the physical instance upon which my vision perceives them. Could they simply be visitors from another universe, one in which matter and etherial substance has gone into the recessive phase? Could the green glow be like a dense accumulation of the zero point field, upon their elementary surfaces? Another thought which has caught my attention of late is this: If there are, and I think there are, civilizations other than ours which have evolved to the stage when powerful computers create a virtual interface with

the zero point field, couldn't this then explain their special powers of healing, and intervention, into human affairs? From my reading, the visitors bring with them a sort of fancy light show.... phenomena of highly strange nature, including simultaneities, profound emotions or feelings, and strange lights and sounds. That these phenomena take place within an encounter, and then fade away leads me to believe that the visitors might regularly interface with the Great Spirit, in computational or formulaic ways. Maybe the colors, lights, smells, winds, unearthly

space ship movements, and other phychic phenomena are like spin-offs of their particular evolutionary liberties? Perhaps, they actually find it difficult to anticipate the side effects of their technology... maybe this is why they often contact humans under cover of darkness, and in rural places.

What do you think?

~

The recurring themes of the psyche... foremost among them is the future. The innersphere, I think, tends to be a timeless place. This is like a 'golden mean,' akin to

a 'tao,' or 'classic,' which each of us carries along while traversing our own elysium. Yet, the physical universe, shrouding as it is, the mind, carries with it the experience of the flow of moments, created, I think, by the expansion of space... across the virtual terrain of our personal 'constant.' So, this is like a triplexity of phenomena, which the awakened adult is continually dipping and digging into, and experiencing. Firstly, the physical universe, with its basic forces, and its entropy; secondly, the timeless, or golden, classic sphere underlying the physical world, or

the *mind*... and thirdly, our constant awareness of the expanding space across and thru our beings... the wash, or flow, which passes upwards thru ourselves, lending the impression of time. So, it is with these three cognizences that we plan, that we chart, our course on this, the soil, into the present. We are presented with a new year, and, have the ability, through our intellects and reasoning, to plan, to chart a course, and thru exertion of will, hold this course over the passage of time. So, time, becomes then our best friend, and as we approach the ground of reality,

this 'notebook,' or empty canvas, or just whatever interface we possess, we are able to work at our own pace and process, to gradually create and re-create new worlds of thought, our outlay of future acquisitions, whether they are relationships, or accomplishments, which have lasting qualities, and so form a 'store,' of benefits. Just look, for a moment, upon the future. Weeks, months, years... decades... these are an absolute certainty, if not in this dimension, then another. Time flows, and will always flow, receeding or advancing, a passage of

moments, and so becomes our pallatte, of expressive possibilities. At least thats my view of it. Thru concerted effort of will, from within the core of everyman, comes books, symphonies, paintings in the visual arts, and from the sphere of mechanized industry, come blueprints, for new automobiles, buildings, products of every kind and shape imaginable... harvest upon harvest of produce is coaxed up from the fertile soil of our farmlands, and so forth.

So, I relate to you my enthuse at the prospects. What will my inner psyche direct me to do? What new directions may

I take? What shall I show myself this year?

And, when I think I have found out everything there is to find, I need but a moments time to discover something new, perhaps greater than any known by me before. (The world is so very vast, that no one could ever know it all!) So, perhaps, it is simply the gradual discoveries I am making into the future which excite me the most. How will 'the new' interact with and re-define all that I know and think, in 'the now?' What new permutations will come to be? So, it is these things, this possibility I perceive, which I am sensing... within the

future, upon this New Year.

Why I Write

Since no man is an island, and we all swim
on the surface of the waters of the
collective unconscious, then isn't life
amongst others like being in an ocean,
each person, somehow forming a
perspective, or vantage point of a leaf, or
flower floating on the surface... the frogs
perspective. So, I guess, what I wonder, as
I write, is what is the nature of the waters
of the psyche? I read, and enjoy reading,
because this feels, to me, like the best way
I know to easily allow my mind to grow.

And when I write, creatively, it feels like the spaces emanating from myself are filled with anima, and animus... the feminine and masculine thought forms, which comprise the world as a whole. This seems to be the nature of the mind... it serves, alternately as a breath, or flow of moments across time, thru ourselves, and also as a sort of home... for energy. I'm always amazed, at the nature of my mind, and the architecture of light. Living here upon this planet, presumably any planet, is so much like a quiet voyage thru the depths of an immense ocean. The

windows in my vessel, as well as my internal sensors, indicate that we are surely not alone, in this sea. Great gentle beings and other apparitions approach about us... they at times crowd up to the windows, and so often, it seems as if they are looking in at us. So I want to know more about them, and their world. What are they thinking about, all of the time? What do they think of us in our vessel, peering back, equally quite interested in them. What would they say, if they could speak? Would they tell me of their aquatic home or shed light on the future, or the

past? Surely, I must know, what they think of me. They just resonate with myself at least, on an intimate level, speaking volumes of togetherness and happiness. So, the great mind is not a dull place. The spaces are enlivened with countless myriad thought forms... at least that's my view of it. What they speak of, I want to know of, for they are mysterious, and I am filled with wonder and joy, that they would choose to share joy thru me. For, it seems apparent to me, that these ideas, within the mind, are smart. So... I guess what I most want to know is, simply, what lies

beneath the surfaces of the mind? What does my *inner* psyche want to relate, on this night, on this watery planet here amongst the stars. The moment, really, simply ebbs and flows all thru and amongst us. Sometimes it seems to collapse inward, and at times seems to slow to a crawl, and I often feel like a fish out of water. But, as the moment flows more generally upward, and outward, I sense an inner expansiveness, and a bliss.

And the varieties of inner experience, seem to be perfectly infinite. Many, many energy levels at times flow thru my being,

influencing and being influenced by all of my thoughts, and all of the connectivity of my thoughts. So, I have learned how, right thinking can change or alter the ways my physical self feels. And as people come closer together in proximity, good feelings can increase. As each person sends positive thoughts in the direction of the other, then positive feelings grow and grow. And the mind has a lower nature, as well. Striving always to remain free of this lower nature, seems to be a perpetual challenge. For the mind wants to be simply an purely ephemeral phenomenon,

but an inner, tactile sense is always present, and seems always to have a way of grounding my mind, within the most easy and comfortable paths and ways. Like the familiarity of my computer, at my desk. So while the inner sense of the mind is often like I'm having to push against some immovable force, it's in this pushing away, that books get written. It's really like, as I let my mind and self become occupied, in some activity, like this writing, there seems to be a natural transcendence which arises, diminishing all physical sense of the mind. My inner, quiet

selfhood feels rather encroached upon, by the waters of my psyche... but this is precisely where creativity truly can become possible. And, there are times, indeed, when writing can be a challenge. I usually find, then, that I need only narrow my focus, solely looking within myself, and avoiding outside references. Since I am adept at typing, I'll simply try and generate a flow of thoughts onto the written page. It's so much like, just dancing, starting with a familiar technique, as a warm up, or I guess can be like sculpting, or whittling. My hands just love

to be busy, or engaged, and writing surely does deliver the rewards my whole self needs. My inner energy level is constantly fluctuating... during times of greater energy within, I will always get more writing done. I have to imagine how it would be, to never feel the impetus to write, or create... But always, the energy within my mind translates to stimulus, for me to write. I don't know just how, I arrived at the place where I became able to *solely write about the creative process itself...* coping with traumatic events, learning to heal myself, seems always to

eventually, lead me to a place of creativity. Writing about writing... I have to say this is important for me, because then I begin to look more closely at the creative process, and understand more about my mind and the ways thoughts arise, and take on life. I guess, it goes back to a kind of transference. The waters of the within, exist in a variety of phases- so, allowing them to flow outward onto the page, I guess, is meditation for my whole being.

For, I think that we are all creators- choosing to actualise that spirit, is a personal choice. I guess life has chosen

myself, to an extent.

To write, I always look within, start with something familiar, and try and trust that a flow will be formed. If the time is right, for writing, at all, then ideas will begin surfacing, seemingly of their own accord. I believe, that each person has within themselves an ocean, of sorts, formed of, something akin to the shadow of the physical consciousness, which I relate to, as like *water*. Perhaps, this is component of the intellectual fabric... an ability, very much alive, of my mind to gather itself up in thought forms of an extraordinary nature,

which resonate at a higher wavelength, than my own, human mind is capable of. It is as if, the spirit of the collective within, or, the sum total of my experiences, and memories, begins verbal thought. Is this, like the dreams we have at night, a function of my higher mind? But, this, really is what the writer, or musician awaits... the moment, at which he or she begins to make gold, from out of lead. And, to be able to put those thoughts onto the written page, and then to look back in retrospect... well, this is like, living proof of ones highest nature, his or her noblest

expression! The medium, thru which one expresses himself, is dependent only on the artists choice, and ability. So, if one can type well, and has learned the ways of playing the role of the passive, or feminine, and in effect allowing his or her words to be chosen, purely in accordance with the higher will, then he can easily be a writer. I find that, only as my lower, fleshly self trys to get in between my higher self and the page, do I experence dissatisfaction with the project. Many, many thoughts, and cultures of thoughts, can come together, thru writing. Space

and time become, somewhat immaterial... all of past, present, and future, look upon the writer, at work at his desk. They all watch. So, to be a universal medium, and really allow the all voice and play thru our fingertips onto the page... I believe that this is a higher calling. Sometimes, the desire to express some specific turn of words, or locale within the intellect, disrupts the homogeneity of the logical order, and this can be detrimental, for the hind sight we apply, is always of a purely higher order. So far better, to keep ones language, like it is a priceless treasure. If

you are uncertain with something, then don't write it. Because, that uncertainty is a flag, telling you of rough waters underneath. Just avoid uncertain feelings, and external references, as you write, and you'll instinctively stay within the stable footing. Just because you write something does not in any way qualify it, as right speaking. The logical capacity of the higher power, is only diminished as the feeble lower mind, begins to act. So, the more noble aspects of human nature, exist always within the heart and soul of each person, when they are not obscured, or

diminished by the lower mind.

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Drawing from the capacity, of the inner psyche, a person begins, purely in the now. It's only as thoughts progress, in written or spoken fashion, that the unconscious begins to unravel. I may not think, I have much new to say, but as words begin to unfold onto the page, I apply a personalised divination, to see, the meanings within the words which take shape. I write, about writing. So, I oft scrutinise my mind in the process. I look both, at the positive and negative space

within my mind... both the ethers within which my consciousness resides, and upon the free-flowing, verbal thought expressions, which populate my mind.

The key thing to grasp, is that everything we experience, in daily life, we do so, as a series of moments and expressions unfolding thru time. So, this is just why there are such vast possibilities, which come into play, as we move along our lives... our creator has just given us such immense free will, to direct our thoughts and actions into the future. This is really, the stuff dreams are made of... the

freedom to create. We build miniaturisations of our inner and outer experience, up in words, upon the written page. The world is created, by choices... left or right, soft or hard, true or false. So, for those whom have discovered that we can create and recreate ourselves on the canvas, or page, with such complete fullness, then life really has purpose and meaning, even beyond our verbal expressions. So, this which I am doing right now, putting my thoughts onto the page with this computer, feels, to me, like just what I was meant to do, all my life.

And I didn't really come to this only recently. I have been writing creatively since I was just a child. The main way I accomplish a piece of writing, or music, or any creative thing, is by necessity. For if my mind were perfectly placid and still, I would simply never write. But often inner experiences, such as psychic pressures, and sometimes strong energetic sensations within my mind, are usually that which stimulates me to try some writing. It seems like, the mind wants to stabilise, or come to an equilibrium, between within and without. A strong

differential is sometimes present, so I transfer it onto the page, or the recording media. We can at times forget, our intrinsic human nature, and simply overlook the real and actual stimuli present all throughout our lives, when we apply a critical retrospect. Many of us are not writing because we have to make a living out of it. So, the writer or musicians real inspiration, can get lost in the shuffle. So, this is important to remember. We don't all share the same experiences, so one person may have an entirely different view, onto the page, from another. So, I

guess, when you're talking about literature or artwork, whether it's writing or music, or visual art, just whatever, you have always to remember that the writer or painter, writes or paints because his or her personal experiences, influence him to do so. With myself, it's usually my inner experiences, which decide what the piece is about.

Writing the Now

Having a clear inner vision, is so intrinsic to good writing. So, in looking within, this evening, I recognise that, the initial impulse of creation, is a will, almost a

reaching. So, this *reaching*, is really the power, it takes to really put words together smartly. When, then, a vision begins gathering behind my eyes, I will find myself, distancing myself from the external world, more predominately. The outer world, begins receding, in my mind, while my thoughts begin to come more on their own, almost as if they, are something distinct from myself. So often, our thoughts and experiences within the mind, are the result of some external qualities of our own expressions. We are given just an array of internal experiences, right along

with our external expressions, whatever they may be. So, there are always choices, which can be made, or not. So, really, there are always *trade-offs*. There is a lot to be said, really, for just saying or expressing one set thing, and not really wavering. Because, I think that in the final analysis, it is the unchanging aspects of an art, which give it a timeless nature.

(Because, simply, it is always the same. Or, the reading, or listening experience, or just the whole effect is the same, each and every time one goes to it... our inner realms, we often find dynamic, fluid, or

shifting from week to week. So, then, we like external things, as well as people, which do not change. Because one day, maybe, one will want to listen to it, because he or she may like it.) So, there's always room, for new and different kinds of creations, which stimulate the mind in just every sort of way. And I think this is a good thing, because there's no shortage of new artists, coming into the world.

So, as I write these words to you tonight, I am analysing just everything about myself, looking within the nooks and crannies of the mind, decyphering my present place,

in space-time. So many times, there is just no way, that I could have understood where I was, without first writing. I find that connecting words and paragraphs together on a page, is great meditation, as I often arrive at a much better place, thru this process. Gleaning insights, which I had not grasped before, or binding together that which may be only tenuous threads, into a readable, and re-readable document. So, as my mind changes, I write, to thus stay in sync with myself.

What's first, on the surface, in the now. Then as moments progress, it becomes

clear, just how I feel. So, my thoughts come together. Gathering my thoughts, onto the page... now I'm in my element. In my life, I let years just pass, and gradually grew out of step with myself. So my inner experiences, borne of past experiences, are dynamic, at times challenging, and my life, is simply not a dream world. So, I've learned, my way out of, places within my life, where I just didn't want to be. Onto the page, in recent years. I mean, I've always loved creating art, my life just faced so many internal challenges. So the distances, were just so vast. I guess, in the

beginning of my career, I never really had the kind of sense of a fabric, between my recorded improvisations, and my own mind. But especially this sense came, as I learned my way into the art of self-publishing, and I guess it wasn't long before I had *inquired of the beyond*, as I have spoken of, and reached outward, from within, towards others. So, publishing, for myself, was my minds catalyst, to evolve, into whom I am now. Another mind might develop at an entirely different pace. But, the artists life, is not a stasis. It is change. It is motion, and

energy. I may not like, everything I create, at all. Or I may like it all in different ways. So, it's just a big gray area. It's only what I keep, over time, and like, in some way, with which I validate myself, in the end.

Oh, there's just so much, I could talk about, in terms of lessons learned, from composing symbols and motifs, into patterns, and pictures. And, my will is strong... I only have to *see* a thing... then I can be it, or change it. And always, there's an enthusiasm to change, as I see things I don't like. So, sometimes, my mind changes on the subtle level, I'm shown

something, which I never saw, and then, if things seem hopeless, I usually revise, or amend. So, my portfolio has grown, in this way. Sometimes I feel I want to get to know myself, all over again, and thru this self-analysis, another book is written. So, sure. Changes, and adapting to change, has become second nature, to myself. And then, there's a transcendence, which comes about, as I see that I am more than the sum of my parts. So, the artist life, for myself, is about staying on top of my changes... knowing when to grow, and when to stay. The growing is the fun part.

So, the tools we use are a part of this process... I look at tech-science news, for medical or astrophysics topics, or for finding out how computers relate to a network. The typewriter was invented many years ago. So, I personally don't need my computer to be any faster... for me, it's fully functional. (It's just a word processor to me, to you it may be unraveling the mysteries of the zero point field.)

The internet has become, really, the standard for publishing. And, for a world in which change is really the only constant,

it is an ideal medium. Musicians, are finding it simpler to distribute audio files, thru the medium of the internet, over physical CD sales. And, as this becomes utilized by more people over time, it will probably become more of a standard.

(Independent publishing, apart from a label or publishing company, is such a preferred method, more and more.

Because, the audience seems to be just as wide.) And I can get daily plays of my songs, for an individual audience, when my music may never make it to FM. But the rewards of this are just as great,

because why, after all, is one writing or recording, other than to be heard on an individual level. I find happiness from knowing that only one person, or two or three, found my music interesting. And, with writing, it comes to me naturally thru life changes, so I've always loved the immediacy of publishing, on the web. And I don't mind letting my work go for free; I think of it as a ministry. (Because, I know that people like reading current thought... what matters is not always so much who wrote it, as when it was written. Because I want to know just all I can, about the

present, from as many perspectives as I can.)

Feedback is important, but I don't get much in terms of fan mail, or e-mail. I have an intuitive sense, which tells me what the reaction is, to my writing or music. When I feel allright within myself, there's a vision of a sort which informs me *all is well*. So, for this reason, I look more for oneness, within myself, and my culture. When I have this sense of oneness, and place, in a time, then it is probably a good time, for myself. And, all I ever really want to know, is that everything is allright. And,

I'm always looking for things and ideas, which remind me of a returning. So, I look for constancy, and permanence. So, in truth, spending time in nature, attuning to the cycles one finds there, is such a great grounding for myself. Sitting outside at night under the stars, for more than an hour or two at a time, can bring on a heightened state of consciousness. I await the chance to experience again the inner rushing sensation, which overtakes the mind, outdoors at night. When a breeze is in the air, shadows gently swaying and shifting on a wall, tree shadows, like

leaves and branches, produce a stereo effect within and without, and the velvety canopy of stars make the jump to hyperspace, as the mind returns to the infinite. So, things and art which reminds me of the timelessness of eternity, this sense of *neither antiquity nor modernity*, only one habitable planet we know of in the heavens, this is where it is at for myself.

Contentment Is...

When I start to write, my mind really comes to a complete rest, and the sometimes frantic pace of daily activity

goes inward... writing is really the philosophers stone for myself, and sometimes this is the only thing, which can really quiet my mind. I guess, I just prefer a place of inner vision, to the other, kind of unconscious or unaware sensation of, say, browsing the web, with its kind of inherent chaos, and tumult. Sometimes I just need a more grounded feeling than the rushing and lurking discomforts which plague the fringes of my mind during the flow of an average day. So, I love it.

And we're all looking for more of the sacred, in our lives. Sometimes, I just crave

more poetry, in my existance. The world is just an imposing place to be all of the time, I look to slow down, and recall things such as my time and place within the natural universe. So, I struggle with blindnesses, or the feeling that I need a vision, every once in a while, to sustain my higher natures. I look, too, for the oceanic feelings, which I can get at some times. My mind has such a flat, or one-dimensional nature, so, I really see my inner visions as stepping stones to a much greater contentment. I guess it has to do with endorphins, and finding occasions to

experience endorphin creation. The mind, seems to be the basic ground of this, and music is often the catalyst, for myself.

I like to set aside time each day, to just sit, and listen, to music. Doing nothing, thinking nothing, there is so much music that I feel can 'get me there.' And it's always different... but I know its important to really just meditate, for an hour or so each day, and in setting aside time for this, I find just so much rejuvenation, on a regular basis. This is a feeling of eternal youth, a feeling of lightness and total capability, which I resource. One realizes,

then that there is really no place to go, or arrive at at all, everything is accomplished. Then I know I've had good meditation. And most anyone can do this, it happens all the time, when we're children. Getting completely lost in some simple activity, and so I gradually learned about the physical world, thru this. Restlessness, and boredom, is really the enemy of happy living. I am someone who lived with bad restless feelings all thru my 20's; at some point, I just looked and realized I was happy, naturally. So, this is when I began to really be more creative... physical or

psychic discomfort pretty much nullifies
the creative urges.

So often, there's a way the mind has of asking 'why?' Why are things the way they are? So, coming to terms with this has been important, finding real solutions to problems and vexes has led me far. As a child I always asked why, and importantly, I've been able to translate that sense of wonder and possibility straight on into my adulthood. Asking why just seems to be the natural key, both to the inner world, and the external. And having a knowing, that it's only thru this, that an individual

can gain an actual and real picture, which can satisfy the questions, 'why do I feel the way I do?' 'why do I do the things I do?' So, parents, always reassure you children, above all, don't be afraid to ask why. The world was always so mysterious and wonderous to me, most of my questions pertaining to logic, and structure, have been answered, in part, thru writing, and the bringing of an inquisitive nature to writing.

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Skimming the surfaces of the interior consciousness is a very sensitive process...

without the utmost concentration, the mind is just a blur. But I found, that as I grew in years, and practiced improvisational writing a great many times, a greater, or stronger vision, began to gather itself within my inner mind. It's like an aspect of myself, thru which to center the mind and heart, a concentration of my center of consciousness into an intensity. I feel this inner mind beckoning me to discover just what is beneath the surfaces of my mind, and so I begin this writing. So, sometimes, it's like a wonder, which draws me into a linear flow of

recorded language symbols. Then, this is when I begin to discern my thoughts; what ideas to entertain, in writing, or not.

And this comes to me instinctively, by now... how best to arrange a composition is not really part of my conscious decision making process. I just go with the flow, and as I am doing this, the main consideration is word choice... because there is an entire spectrum of temperatures, I encounter, within the english language, especially as it becomes written on the page. So, I have learned my way around my mind thouroughly enough

to have a competence in accepting or rejecting ideas, as they surface. Now, it's almost entirely by instinct, that I write improvisationally. At least, on a good day.

So, the occasions, to write my thoughts, do not come up just every day... there are times, that my mind has me, more than me having it. And, then I don't write at all. So, there really has to be a kind of unity of mind present, and this is why I take my time in writing, because clouds and even doubts, at times, are sometimes more pronounced within, and, well, it should make sense to write on just every level.

And, now is one of these times. I feel as though I may better myself, today, solely thru writing, and if there are clouds, then they are thin. So, it is with a glad heart, that I am composing this essay. And, most importantly, I feel reasonably good physically, and I possess a sense of wonder, as to what is beneath the surface, so I write. Without this, I am merely a sensory being... I might be reading a book, or I might just be resting my mind, while absorbing my favorite music. But I am not really creative, much less learning about my mind. So, the rewards are lasting, and

timely, as I write. Becoming an active participant in ones own thoughts and inner relationships is par for the course.

So, there are times, when I make new connections, between ideas and concepts, in ways which can revolutionise my outlook. And I think that this is really the time-honored role of artists... becoming an inter-mediary, amongst ones self, and higher selves, happens naturally when one writes, or creates improvisationally, or really within any mode.

So I always hope to come to deeper understanding, of harmonies and

relationships, than I might glean from an exoteric conversation alone. Because, we're not all alike, on the inside. We're all in a different place, and stage. We've all had experiences. So, I look for similarity, and congruencey amongst my inner aspects. What I take in, and what I leave out. Plus, creativity is always an ongoing process... I keep nearly everything I write, or record, for at least a while, so that I might come to a reasonable understanding of what its particular meaning is, to me. And if I like it much, at all, I will eventually integrate it into a

larger project... these can simmer for years, before coming to fruition. So, all is related, there is very little distinction, between my ages. While I have improved, my nature doesn't seem to change, from year to year. I'll always like my writing, although I don't include it all. So, ones self concept becomes more clarified, or distilled, over time, as consistency is shown, time and again.

I have finally figured out my likes and dislikes, by comparing myself, within. And looking for congruency, between myself and others is part of this. So I have always

held ideals, of harmony, in culture, and always look for similarity, rather than distinction. But distinctions, are part of what makes life enjoyable... so we have a great variety, of styles and characteristics, within the fine arts as a whole. Each and every individual is distinct from the other in countless ways... I guess gives the world its richness, and granduer.

God Is Love

How to begin a short essay, is connected to the present strength of my foundational judgment... do I feel strong and sure, or weak and unskilled. And so begins a

discernment, of my own standing, and accord, within. So, then, the love which one shows oneself is critical in decyphering, ones inner landscapes. The past, present, and future... I think, in art, one draws most directly, upon the *future*.

For, in essence, writing is a lasting comment, ones discernment coming to the fore, in looking upon... the within, or an interpolation, of time. Everything, ones ability to smile, within him or her self, or the kinds of nods and agreement, from the fold, or the gentle stirring, within the solar plexus, which some areas of thought

recollect... things such as this are all clues, as to the colors, and harmonies, which the mind seems to be unfolding, upon the perceptions.

So, sometimes the flexibility, of ones writers voice and critical reasoning faculty, can bring the turbid mind, to a place of greater softness, and quietude. Same as flowing into a comfortable chair, so the writers thoughts, unwind. Gee, I like this outcome, or that (corresponding feelings, which arise within, as ones words become arranged upon the page.) So, one has found a quiet life of purpose, and

meaning, when he or she is able to scan his past, and find books, writings, or songs, which simply go with him always.

Contrasted, with the future, which is sometimes murky, or clouded, other times bright, and sunny... the constancy, of the written word, or finished album, or painting, is a fact which can't easily be dashed away, or discarded, or diminished, by the passage of time. For, to the artist, writer, or musician, the impressions, and sensibilities enshrined therein, the love which goes into things he or she creates, can be recalled, throughout his or her

entire life span, by looking at, and reminiscing, upon the creative processes, the times involved.

So, finding a wide variety of stylistic variancies, within my own works, I recall differing moods, and modes, and affinities, but only one vision, or I would say, an intermingling of visions. So, this is really that which is heard, or read... a love of life, and poetry, or a grounding and stability, expressed in words, or a far seeing, or a thoroughness, or freshness solely within the space of the given words... I have always reached for a lasting

quality, and to me that means an equanimity, and a wide ranging, platonic ideal of dryness, and capability within the spaces of my life. I guess I'm pretty pragmatic, in my approach to life, and therefore tend to place the practical, and sensible, over emotion and excessive sentimentality. I always find, that managing my own mind, owing certainly to the late-blooming nature of my psychic development, has to be foremost, over thoughts of ever meeting every demand, which others tend to place upon myself. My life is definitely not, a fairy tale, and I

don't want to pretend that it is. But I do value miracles... just countless gifts of boundless measure have given myself a life of lasting joy... I've come to find that good things can and do happen all the time... this doesn't have to be only on Sunday... to me, every day is Sunday, and every night is like Christmas Eve- such is the wonder afforded my spirit.

I've learned how to slow down, and take note of the simple gems, to be found within my own mind and heart. Having a self-knowing and sense, didn't really come much until I had gleaned just so much

creativity, onto the page. So, reading my mind, others I think find easy... for it's all close to the surface, just so much evidence, of my thoughts, I've placed onto lasting media. I have an analytical mind... it just kind of crawls slowly, over and throughout first one corner of my nature, then another. But this is the 'paranoid critical' investigation, which I am just constantly in the midst of. Love is my only respite, from retrospection. Sound, and time, are close acquaintances, indeed, as I am constantly into music, and reading... I dare not ask for more, save communion

with nature herself. Spend much time with me, and you'll begin to understand that I just don't want the same things as everyone else... that which the status quo would suggest is nonsense... there is so much more, within simplicity, and belonging, and place within ones environs and home... the ever changing relationships, to life, and order. So. that which I like most, is revelatory more of inner order, and harmony, which exists from attunement, with *the divine*. Truely, it is only as I am close, in heart and spirit, to the divine, himself or herself, the ones

about me, and the one who made us all, that I am able to hold a straight course. So, I guess that this is the particular meaning of such writing as this... were one forgetful, in the past, then now is the time to draw close, and find union, with the love and aspiration of ones highest ideals and perception. For, now I see that this, in truth, reminds us of why we are here, nothing else can encompass so much, in such little time.

And this, then, is the meaning of this writing, and time, which feels, now, called to a new awakening, of the highest

aspirations I could ever have conceived, rather than be, like the twittering machine, led beyond bounds, with no thought or care, or concern for waste, and ineffect. So this is my charge, to myself, to not block off, or deny, that which Heaven has bestowed, upon mankind... to try to deny nature her due course, is akin to struggling to stop the wind. It is useless, and invalid, to reach to any higher goals, than faith, love, and charity, for to do so, for myself, is surely not possible, within the confines of my own living, for God Is Love, and His law endures. I think that this is the highest

principle, given by the New Testament, in the Bible. It certainly applies in countless ways, more than one can think in a night, how all we do, must be done in love. And love, of life itself, and the divine experience, however it relates to living, is of paramount importance. So only looking at the opening years of this new century we have been given, surely seems to be error. For the lessons of the past, and what we give up as we forget the divine aspects of the life experience, surely show me that a healthy respect for, and overall great allowance for the mirculous, is essential,

more now than ever.

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Writers pass thru many stages, of development, and eventually, one gleans insight into a vast array, of thought and topics. When there is a strong guiding light, or vision, bringing all of his or her works into a kind of uniformity, then the writer or musician, can claim an adeptness, within a broader context, or heading. So, this is like the principal aim, or direction, of a writers career... an eventual claim to adeptness, in a field. And I guess this comes to even greater

fullness... as a *mastery* is shown, with consistency. So, where one is going... towards adeptness, or mastery, shapes just every facet of the persons life. I guess, with faith in ones self, and a certain grasp of materials, one might be more experimental, in his or her approach. I just don't see how this super-diverse universe ever progresses, without a healthy sense of experimentation. I guess inventors have been many, who have all shared this in common... a grasp of the scientific method, which uses trial and error, to narrow results, into eventual formula and

theories. And too, I think writers, painters, sculptors, musicians must experiment, maybe more than ones audience would want to immediately grasp. That which works, and which doesn't work, and in which media, or style, or even format, is arrived at, just all across ones entire growth.

So, it can be like unto a process, a matter of lending definition, to ones self, throughout his or her artistic choices. Incorporating the healthy love, for ones own self, which comes with maturity, he or she becomes capable of archiving

gracefully, just across his or her whole life.

Very rarely, does one dislike a creation,

enough to throw it away... one applies

wisdom in abiding his or her own

inspiration. I have grasped, that there is a

higher power in my life, a kind of quality of

invention, and resourcefullness, which

does seem to have ones highest good in

mind. Thru ones flexible self-

maintainance, just years pass, without the

first hint of boredom, or malaise. So,

while one is informed, enlightened or

entertained within his or her surroundings,

it is from within himself, that he brings the

willpower, and courage, to create. It can really be easy, to lay claim to being self-made, but closer to the truth, is that surely no man is an island... we dwell within the fabric of society... it is nearly impossible to claim self-authorship, as it is principally thru grace, that one creates... there might be an adolescent, struggling to find just anything at all to write about... but see him or her by when he is age 36 or 37, and you may find a happy, productive writer.

Really, finding a vision to call ones own, I see as the toughest part, of the journey of art. The dead-end streets are nowhere

near infrequent, in ones youth. Countless days are spent, in despair, and futile pursuits. So, the self-image, can get pretty lost, as one finds artistic fulfillment so infrequently.

Yet one is gathering symbols, constantly, and as a vision solidifies, there may be a great deal of wonder and tantalising promise, around every corner, pulling him or her along, into self actualisation. The realising of ones innate potentials can be, the claim to adeptness, or mastery in a given field, that which fulfills the promise of his or her life... locating a craft, or

interest field, within which to sustain the higher ideals of life, one finds life-long diversion, or freedom, or transcendence, from the lower characteristics, of life on Earth. So, this is just what we are really about, a love of the sunny side of life, and the maintenance of such interest. I guess it was by the age of 30, that I had realised, life can be so sour, and unforgiving... I simply came to a wholistic reaching, or grasping for transcendence from human imperfection. So, to reach more for ideals, within my own living, I instinctively began to micro-size my

interests, realising that what becomes more important, is having ones focus in the right place, namely what mineature worlds I could effectively create, manage, and maintain. So, the minds eye, naturally, turns within, and restructuring comes easier as one realises that the mind is a magnifying lens, and that which one holds in the mind, becomes larger, or more pronounced with time. So, arriving at a place of transcendence, and perspective on my living experience has given me a great release, from many of the concerns that used to vex me. And so,

instinctively incorporating just every facet of ones lifeways, and portfolio, has given my projects and creations, I believe a solidity... and I believe there's a great deal of meanings within ones creations, as he or she lives most fully.

Otherworldly Phenomena

What really are extraterrestrials? I have thought about this question, at some length, and still, I don't think that *anyone* really has any conclusive answers. They seem to be higher order intelligence, or intra-dimensional dwellers, from beyond,

or some kind of dense bio-plasm, that can be seen in concert with the Gaia Hypothesis. I think that this latter explanation is probably the more favored, within the Western world. I know, from accounts of encounters gleaned from eyewitnesses I have read about, that witnesses tend to become believers. Or, I should say, would probably be pretty awestruck, to see some apparently three-dimensional, or four-dimensional object, or being, instantantly materialize before your own eyes. And these are often witnessed by more than one person at

once.

You know, well, you just don't know... are you seeing things, or is your own mind registering, a dense object 'come up,' from another sphere, or dimension, packed with strange and peculiar, and rather obtuse colors and impressions, of a faraway, or long forgotten land? Is it a visitor from nirvana, or beyond subspace ranges, or from the 'other side?' Is what you saw, a distinct and separate entity from yourself (like some phantasmagoric apparation, simply a visitor, to your perceptions) or an aspect, of your own human imagination,

background, or experiences, or of someone else's? So, is it then God, or from a higher dimension... in other words, you would ask, 'Is God trying to tell me something? Or, for the Theologian, the question of 'Is God asking me to *grow* in some way?' Or might you even ascribe divine attributes, to such an angelic messenger?

So, these are some of the questions you would tend to ask yourself, after coming into contact, with a visitor from beyond.

You might see an unidentified flying object, appearing to be a fanciful, sci-fi

type object, or something flying, which seems to be of unknown origin, and it may exhibit an uncanny 'feeling,' like a disc seeming to hover and wobble erratically, or defying typical rules of gravity, inertia, or travelling at an extremely high rate of speed. And, it may have a glow, or aura, which is registered by the senses, perhaps as being neither here nor there.

So, I always love thinking about things like this... and I don't really think, from my reasoning, that we necessarily have anything to be afraid of, from a higher intelligence, beyond what one would

naturally imagine, other than the visceral emotive reactions, we experience during such an encounter. Daily life doesn't have feelings associated with it anything like what U.F.O. experiencer accounts would suggest. Emotions, strange and unlike anything from your previous life experience, become so tangible, and complex, and consuming, to the mind, that experiencer can scarcely be blamed for his or her reactions, which range from awe, to shock, to denial, and repression, to loathing, of the visitors, finding them foreign and frightening intrusions into his

or her mind...

Still yet, some tell of feelings of having been touched, by one of the Earths custodians, or a common facet of all life within this Universe. So reactions vary widely. The primary thing, which I just have to deduce, pertaining to these experiences, is that they must be extremely life-shaping, or life-changing, and may be the most traumatic experience, someone may ever have to face. Experiences can have a lot of compressed time in them, as the *experiences themselves* are so consuming

and *real*- the emotional complexity, and strangeness of the experiences, being their *primary characteristic*.

So, thinking this way, I have to deduce that there must be a distinct and growing strata of society, whom have entered into a kind of an altered state, or mystical reality, beyond and above the ordinary.

And maybe, it's just the human experience, which has grown more complex, and unreal, in the past 50 years or so. And, I mean, apart from the better part of the Western world, the living experience, in some places on the globe, has become a

pretty risky prospect. So, I guess the alien encounter experience is analogous, in many ways, to the kind of helplessness and powerlessness, experienced in many parts of the developing world, as peoples face constant, or ongoing threats, in horrendous ways. So, in that sense, the experiences can readily be thought of as 'wake up calls,' as to mankinds precarious condition, the human tragedy, and losses, to some peoples' way of life, as the world emerges *en masse* from the darknesses of another time.

But, these experiences, it seems plain to

me, are just jam packed with hope... it seems apparent, that they do in fact speak of far more ancient concerns, perhaps relating to the planet we inhabit, and of our species' evolution. So, with that thought in mind, and considering my mere mortal nature, I have to think that questions beyond these I've written about, can be relegated to the readers own conscience, and reasoning. I do occasionally write on these topics, because of what I feel is a distinct societal need, for literature, and visions, which let one reach higher, or see beyond the

confines of the ordinary living experience. People need to be reminded, of a wider dimensional range, and if only for a moment in time, safely transcend the experiential norms.

Impressions

of the Day

In looking upon my inner panoramas, this night, I see some distinct features. I guess, the present emotional signature, the passing images of the day, more than anything else, are the predominate element, of my mind, which I perceive. I'm always, keenly aware of the ever-

changing picture, or configuration, of my present dynamic.

So much, there's often a sensation round, and about, one particular energy zone, within my self, over any other parts of the picture, as a whole. And, I mean, feelings, can really run the gamut... In particular, there's often a kind of an inner differential, which tends to shape just everything, perceived within. Surely, any kind of range of sensation, whether it's tactile, or a pressure, or more like an energy, carries with it distinct impressions, which color the within...

setting the tone, or topic, of other
differing parts of myself.

One thing, which comes either more, or less, as the moment changes, is that there is quite often, a dreaming part of myself, which becomes enmeshed within that which might could be called, a sur-reality, which seems to be a distinct, and separate zone of descending order of truthiness, and, which seems to be independant, or distant from that which could be said to be really real.

So, sifting thru, various inner phenomena, can, often enough, be done by starting a

simple flow of words, onto the written page. Almost every time, I feel drawn into improvisational writing, at least one component of the experience itself is a kind of a wonder, simply as to what is beneath the surfaces, of my psyche. And then, it's just a matter of starting out, writing. With myself, I find it easiest to just start with some pattern, akin to a bold brush stroke, which can be typed, and begin to entertain the feeling of the keyboard beneath my fingertips.

Sensing the nature of writing, time and again, I've gradually learned to be

sensitive, and discerning, in abiding to subtle impulses, and signals, from my within. Steering ones course, he or she can gradually arrive at a place of greater softness, and quietude within, than the cumbersome tangents, of emotion, where one finds oneself often enough. Some times, my mind itself, rather needs a focused, active meditation. So, some times, are just not suited for the sameness, and passivity which the inner awareness is often, rather submerged beneath.

So, this is just like a self-maintainance,

this improvisational writing. Scanning across the words flowing down the page, I am cognizent of their lasting qualities. This writing will go with me, perhaps now and for years, as I venture across topography of the future. So, it really pays to be conservative, and mindful, of each and every symbol placed on the page. I have learned to know when to go, and when to stay, my thoughts. Because, simply, an inner consciousness is just continually reminding me... does this thought have future? Or is it but a misstep, leading only to a mire, of

conflicting feelings.

So, I'd have to say, my time perception becomes so, kind of immediate... but my view extends beyond just the now. So, there's a particular sensitivity, which can be developed, as to how natures interact... and mingle... so I rely, on a very human perception, of such things as group dynamics... having an intact collective consciousness, is necessary, and really just intrinsic, to the integrity of the whole... the insular mind must rely, on whatever impressions become filtered into the subconscious... but with two or

more thinkers, the answers needed, for tackling most any problem, eventually come to the surface.

So, the expression, 'no man is an island,' becomes no trivial thing, for navigating the culture, as a whole. Where one is weak, another is strong, and so we find life indeed goes on, far beyond the dilemmas of any particular sub-psyche. So, writing, is always a joyous prospect... one has another day on earth, within which, to take part in the larger culture, to choose his or her own ways, and to take in all the benefits, of happiness.

So, while none of us, are always sheltered, from the difficulties, and hardships of life... knowing this, and how everymans path, has so many ups and downs, has brought myself a great contentment in knowing, we're just not all alike... we've all had individual experiences, which have shaped, and informed our lives, over many years.

~

On the way to eventual days end, a person will often have the impression of following, a train of thought, from first one conclusion, then another. It is, I feel,

the strength of someones mind, which allows him or her, the reach, to uncover, or grasp the gemstones, which lie awaiting discovery, throughout the unconscious psyche. Stronger mind, better reach. So, when a book is seen as an interpolation of gems, within a supporting fabric, one sees, that these perceptions, are but discoveries, which the writer has been party to. For, I believe it is true, there is nothing new under the sun, and one can only be given insight, into but a small sample, of a far more vast range of universal constants.

So, then, perhaps it is indeed true, that all learning, or knowing, is part of, or built into, the cosmic flux itself... a person here, may not be nearly as evolved, as many others elsewhere... he or she cannot be in two places, at the same time. So then, the thoughts, of the day, are but leading a person, to a more enlightened place, much like the rungs of a ladder can do. When one is able to just begin writing, unconcerned whether this writing is special or not, he or she finds... simply an infinite pallate of expressive possibilities, a virtual limitless trove of language

symbol combinations. So often, I write, to remedy a perceived inner imbalance. For, what would an off-center place have to say, if given voice, and play? What would be, really, first out?

Sometimes rather like a flurry of colorful butterflies, so do a group of thoughts become dislodged, and take to the air. And, this is really the immense worth, of writing spontaneously... a person can really pretty clearly discern, the distinctions, which make up the subpsyche... the un-conscious or subconscious inner perturbations, of a

persons inner physical landscapes... are more readily apprehended, as they become expressed onto the page. And what is more, these thoughts take on an exoteric life, so much more, than if they were merely physiological, or psychic sensations. And, this, then, is why people ever express themselves, in the first place... they are but accomodating, and describing first one locale, within, then another. So, conversations, may begin, if for no other reason than to back up from some physical or psychic sensations... to gain perspective.

Under the Sun

Perhaps, in evolving, from a *naieve* *innocente* to mature adult, a child passes thru parallel schemes, of reasoning, and governance modes, of just a wide range of like-minded contemporaries, sharing the planet. Depending on formative experiences, and whether or not mental illness is present in own family tree, and *rate of learning*, I guess one might develop slower, or more gradually, or at any pace. I guess, if child or young adult is of singularity and distinction, so as to garner attention, or praise from peers, or

having *special needs*, I believe, he or she must locate a *modus operandi* which allows him or her to blend into society, a forgiveness of distinction.

Thusly allowed, I can perceive that one, regardless of impediment, or handicap, can accomplish at just a high level, of even professionalism. And this, along with having a fulfilling emotional life, and relationships, and being of reasonably sound psychologies, at least most of the time, allows a person to inhabit a safe area, or comfort zone, at an earlier, or later stage of life. Myself, it was at least

mid-30s, by when I could call myself 'having a rich, fulfilling lifeways' But this is really saying a lot, relying as I do, on not exclusively but primarily group and boarding home, for successful dwelling, and drawing disability compensation, for all but a few luxuries.

All cultures have some allowance, for distinction, or handicap, in the same ways one might show, or become skilled, a proficiency, or great learning, at any diversion. And, perhaps this is the niche... of priest, or monk, in a temple, or minister, of a church... a servant... or other

capacities such as radio ministries, or a purely secular procurement. I live in a group home, but I write. Everyone has something, they can do, if they try. While being essentially a non-profit, my writing and music, at once could be sold for financial support, had I the need. But my particular diagnosis, precludes me from much extra income, but our system allows some extra income, and I have worked part-time, though I've not yet profited from my writing, or piano, beyond the range of a few listeners, or readers, over my ten year publishing career.

So, in this sense, I'm fulfilled. (having completed and finalised a new e-book, and pamphlet this year, and finalised two others, within the past year, I'm at a resting point... so, hence this present writing, as a minor overview.) I cherish my obscurity, and anonymity like the rest, so I do like my own niche. For myself, it's been an interest to play some part, however small, in the world beyond myself... it's just the getting to the place, when one can really have a quality experience, with publishing, can take time. It took me a full three years, to learn

my computer basics, and internet has come accordingly. I have yet to do much, if any self-promotion, just having a polished look is completely fine by me, for my station. So, I think having a drug-free lifestyle, within reason, is preliminary to this- I never really saved those works done under the influence of illegal substances... they don't make any sense to me now, anyway. Beyond this, and as an impetus to any other writers, who may want to read this posting, have fun, and I hope your time is as rewarding, and valuable, as mine is... '*one should write,*

*from the heart, as if surrounded by
heavenly hosts...' this is the key.*

~

I think, perhaps the neatest article, or paper, to be found on John Macks website, is one relating the thoughts, around the concept of, 'Witnesses as Sacred Truth Tellers.' There seems to come a time, for people, when we drop our crutches and self-destructive ways, and get with the flow. Or I should say, one is nothing, if not a logical thinker, but situational reactions, can vary widely... you'd have a hard time knowing, how

you'd respond, or react, in real life situations... without simulating, occasionally. (The logic which really becomes priority, as one steps from behind the cloaks, and darknesses, of the juvenile, or the retrograde, or the *critic*, into the real family of man, of the maturing adult.) Perhaps, since the recent introduction of reverse-engineering simulations, from out of the mid 1980's, I recognise, also, a resurgence in the fluency, with which the mysteries of the paranormal, the seemingly extraterrestrial, are being related, within

my community.

In particular, I have seen an indication which would suggest, that the kinds of simulations, or role-playing, which were in vogue, in the aforementioned project, for example, can in fact be a notable evolutionary step forward, which bears restating. Here, I'm thinking, more on the kinds of an 'ancestral middle earth,' which is suggested within the typology, of the perhaps dual, even tertiary, nature of what it means to be human, on Earth, with our thinking brains, our minds, and culture.

In my short work, Ethos of Enlightenment, I suggest a universal tie-in, to everything which we experience within ourselves... I say this partly, in terms of the ancestral groundwork, upon which all cultures are built... I recollect key experiences, which pretty much captured my awareness, within the recent decade of the 1990s. (Inner experiences, which confirmed, what I can only term an '*absolute supernature*', to that which, might appear, often enough as a mere 'smile on the void...' in reality, certainly a power beyond anything I can think of as flesh... or what

we think of as mortal, or merely meek, or even imaginable.) I think that such traditions as ancestor worship, then, pertain so much, to 'the rivers source,' or the ethos of a time... its atmosphere, climate... perhaps just as much, as this which we can term genetic information, or even star sign, or a natal signature. It's all so related, but I can see, the two windows, can admit the light, which can give birth to an distinct third window, thru which comes still more light, with the union of the spirit, and flesh.

Only in being born, an embodiment in

dense energy, do we see the contrast with *light energy*, or *positive energy*. And, it appears, that thru living, the light wants to be stronger, than the heavy, or the imprisonment may not be escaped. Also, I relate again the words of the wise Chwang-Ze: 'We are born as from a quiet sleep, and we die to a calm awaking.' For, while we cannot really be time travellers, we might regularly sleep 1000 years, and find yet again, perhaps, what it means to be human, in so many ways.

Lastly, (but not leastly,) the Sacred Truth Tellers article by John Mack, refers to

other criteria, which may be of use in evaluating the veracity, of a person as Witness. Notably, the apparent sanity, of the subject, as well as the integrity, which comes across... the biases whch may be present, and the vibrational connections, between researcher and subject. And the admission of communication modes of the 'third kind,' or a kind of English Prime, which comes with conveyance of subjective truth, as par for the course. So, I guess, this present writing is a perhaps diffusion, or diffraction, of perhaps three or four points, which I've been seeing

lately. Being as stream-of-consciousness, or improvisational as my writing is, it could hardly be said to be structured, formally, or styled... free-form is more the term, here.

Thoughts of Tomorrow

My writing is all done from the heart, in the spirit of a journal, just a place for exploring that which vexes myself. It's certainly a truism, that people, on Earth, and particularly active people, in todays world, are faced with struggles, and cruxes just like the generations which

have come before. I wonder... as I think about the struggles and complexities of being born in the 20th or 21st century, how our time compares, or relates to others which have gone before.

I mean, do we really have it that much better... or worse, than others? Or, how are past times, affecting us in todays world? Isn't it more important to win peoples hearts, than to think we can really win at all, by conquoring. Or, is one way any better than another, and don't people all want the same basic things, namely a fulfilling inner life, and to be on

a path of outward responsibility. Or, just what really shapes, or informs, the collective mind... now?

Why are some places so torn, in conflict, seeming to be so completely removed, from all thoughts of the rational, kind of intellectual flow of modern peoples? Are we as a species, so wildly fated, as popular thought might lead one to believe? Wow, I want to know more, or do something about, the future... there's so much violence. I just wonder. The technological leading edge of our culture is really making great leaps, and strides,

so far as I can see, but I can see that todays discoveries take time, to evolve into a better quality of life, for anyone who desires it.

So, I guess, the ecological problems brought on, in part, by our pollution... how bad are they, really, and / or how might external factors, like the fluctuations in Sol, or some other system, which scientists are currently decyphering, throughout our solar system, or some imminent or recent stellar eruption, or collision, be impacting our species? Or, I guess, the unrest in

mans collective psyche... these symptoms are really *so bad*, as I see it, or I don't know... I'm also kind of into a dialogue with Gaia, or anyways, that tends to muddy the water, for myself, and really the problems showing up as violence are, maybe, geo-political issues, and a kind of a racial conditioning is at work.

But I mean, my personal psyche is just fine, generally speaking. So, most mornings I feel pretty darn hopeful, and really energetic and alive... able to do good things, but I wonder, if mankind is being exploited, in some ways, by some

completely malevolent dispossession...

that shows up more as an outward disparity, or widening distance, amongst the races? Well, think about it. There are cultures and tribes, which from an early age, are taught to be unsympathetic with

the Western worldview... I think

Westerners are faced with a public perception dilemma. In truth, I may be such an easy-going guy, but in a world which forces us to be more paranoid every day, I really think that media images have *such* a power to enslave peoples minds.

I just don't know how the world holds together at all, yet it does. So, dialogue *does work*, there just has to be more of it, and in the right places. I guess that's just it... every week theres another soul who could have been saved, from themselves, or from antipathy toward the privelaged... could someone have reached out in the right way. Because I think that when you teach a child to hate, or even dislike, some racial minority, or majority, then you have sickness. We want to be a nurturing peoples in just so many ways, and somehow allow all peoples, within

our borders and outside, freedom to live as they see fit. So. But, I don't know how we can ever accomplish that aim, as the poor have always resented the wealthy, the underprivileged the free. So something calls me to think... what kind of image am I projecting? Or, how can I get on the path of altruism, again and again. I've beaten my worst demons already... there is no other way than to give back. And I know... life, the struggles of living, can make me let go, or draw inward, perhaps more than I would like to. I just see that, not everyone has the

willpower, or grounding, and time, and sheer patience, and resilience, and overall self-honesty, to beat those personal demons.

There are those that feed them, and I think that if we as a people, were simply more content with fewer material belongings... and avoided wasting and polluting. and drew more upon our *inner* resources, and just arranged our priorities around more of the *quiet* side of life, our loftiest ideals of inner peace, then the public perception problem would go away. Or we would simply be content

with less. Like the mountaintops of life that are not found in the Himalayas or the Alps, or within the areas of material consumption, but within the heart and mind of everyman and everywoman, as he or she realises his or her true ambitions, which for myself, are resolved within the space of the little accomplishments, like this completed essay, or just some other small goal, which in a quiet way, puts the mind and spirit at rest.

So, I mean, it's just a big question... but really no different from the kind we faced

during the Vietnam war... the same sense of doom was at play, in the culture. And we survived it then, and now there's just no end in sight, same as before. So, we are surely doing the best we can with it...

if we can't use our technology and intelligence responsibly, and cooperate in every way under the sun, and somehow return to a transparency, rather than the dominating, media gobbling of any single conflict, or issue, than we just haven't progressed much at all, from the 1960's.

On a more hopeful note, however, I have begun to perceive two or three

interesting features, which I've been noticing more often, or which I've recently seen. There is a kind of energy work, which brings the mind, into an awareness of energy, varying degrees of such, and the ways it flows throughout all that is around us. And magic is all about. The world is created by choices, and it is empowered, and brought to life, by countless miracles, and expressions, which are continuously happening everywhere, on just every level. There is a subtle energy, that which flows through the perceptual and sub-perceptual

spheres. So, we just can't let ourselves take the world for granted. The world holds together, because millions of hands, are forever creating and maintaining, and enlivening it. So, this is good to know. And, when someone feels pretty good, he or she then can do pretty good works. Physical discomfort may be the only thing preventing you from accomplishing your life ambitions, however humble they may be.

~

'Writing from the heart,' a person will sometimes simply have a sense of

wonder, as to what is 'beneath the surfaces,' of his psyche.

He is, in a sense, divining, or discerning, just where he or she is at, by kind of, sampling the waters, of his psyche, sifting thru inner phenomena, and weighing his or her fullnesses, and emptinesses. Does time, seem promising, or murky... muddled, or more clear, and definitive.

Also, he or she may be weighing relationships, such as the orientation, he chooses, in placing his writers voice, in respect to his inner phenomena.

Writing is never, an all or nothing

prospect... a persons 'physical investiture,' or the degrees of weight, he gives to just all of the various reaches of his mind... phenomena, will come forward, in writing... relevancies, to which he or she applies careful discernment. So, such an effect, as the rate of energy exchanges, within the writer, and within the spaces he or she occupies, can all yeild clues, as to the general transparency, or apparency, of possible 'futures,' as they become expressed onto lasting media.

So, knowing to draw from the full

spectrum, of ones inner psychic landscapes, can let more balanced days and nights, interact, and mingle.

For the art of writing, is certainly about days and nights- the days of creation, and the nights, of an experiential wealth, which flows from the joy, of pure striving... of pure intent.

So, indeed, thru writing, one can come to find himself or herself in a place of far better knowing, and self-assurance, than upon the outset, of a writing session... he or she realises this facet of the creative lifestyle, and so then incorporates this

effect... this sense of arriving... just more and more, in his life. And he or she becomes productive, and active, and begins to learn the ways, of creation. Because, we are all creators, choosing to actualise, or formally acknowledge, just some creative mode, or ritual, as a means to self-knowing, is a choice. And there is, such a transcendence, which one derives, from a lasting way, as one gradually comes to a knowing, that he or she is much more, than the sum of his or her parts... 'the whole person' is just such a linear, expressive creature, as time goes

by. Everything, has such a life, into the future.

Into Existance

The moment, when one writes, is really just an unfolding, flowering principal. A person, writing lines of text upon the page, recognises, if he or she is sensitive, or perhaps more blessed, that there are really just an infinite number of directions, one may take, from any given point... into the future. This is what I view as an 'infinite inter-flexibility,' which makes up the writers art. Still, to another, of less imaginative willingness, or greater

distraction, or less surety, there may be a separation, or distance, from his or her intuitive flows. So, what matters, really, is where one is *at*... ones station, or place in life... or, putting it simply, different periods, in ones life, produce different results. So, to the writer, who is struggling, I guess, maybe, his or her willingness, or interest, *in the plan*, or who may be unable to clarify, or distill, a full-fledged self-concept, as writer... the journeys, of a writers life, can be so many, before he or she finds a 'comfort zone,' where much of any creative thinking becomes possible.

Peering, now, into the mists of my mind, and life, I can with a surety write, that the truths and meanings needed, to fashion together, an reasonable, or accurate picture, of my present emotional dynamic, are readily accessable. So, finding time, for writing... or discerning, what it means to be myself, tonight, or any time... there is just so much real value, to be found, with the common sacraments, like coffee, which soothes the heart... through which one might appraise him or herself, with more clarity. There is a sensitivity, which can be developed, as to when it is a good

time for writing. 'At this present moment, I am nearly overwhelmed, filled to the brim, with the richness, and complexity, the textures, and music, of my inner topography...' the winds of the spirit, as one becomes attuned to the heart, are felt, all throughout ones self. My shoulders, seem to be especially receptive, to this sensation, within... and a kind of an vibrating, comforting warmth, enfolds my entire upper body... thoughts, begin overflowing, onto the page. This is a particularly summer-like sensation... like long, sultry days and nights, which linger

in the memory as a pleasant sentiment... or perhaps, I simply become more subtly attuned, to the zephyrs, and tradewinds, of earth energy, flowing all throughout my visual-perceptive, and inner heart-sense.

The gentle effect, of a pleasant cup of coffee, or two, lingers like a glow, a *cocoon*, around my entire self. So, it is from a new perspective, that I consider my world. When 'the now,' is a real and present inner and outer energy differential, or there is a sort of a symbiosis, or energy flow, or progressive organism, of thought worlds, then one can

grasp... the quality of light, is just right, or there's an inner clarity, and exuberance, of thought. So, it is in the light of evolution, and the acuteness of perception, upon my being, a trans-personal awakening, or awareness, of energy, that I now write.

And I hope, my words, can be read fully, and completely, in this, the warmth of this summer night.

~

Sometimes, really, I don't understand my inner spheres, as extensively, as I would like. There may be a sense of craving, or questioning, from the areas of my solar

plexus. What does this mean? I don't always fully understand, my inner spectrums. Is my inner child trying to tell me something, like a sense of not really having, all the information, which might be relevant. Sometimes, I'm faced with some amount, of uncertainty... I often ponder, over what the future holds. So, when, there is that devil, of unknowing, my words don't come as easily, onto the page. So, truly, I reckon, I am not a psychic... the future, only becomes clear, insofar as I am able of creating it. I think, a lot of my writing, and creating, has been done, in

this spirit... for want of clear information, about the future, I create my own version. This is a kind of an asserting, of ones self, into the future. Does time have an unbroken continuance, into the future? Whether or not it really does, I can, with some effort, create some writing, or music... this is like an assuming, to an extent, of the reins, of my life, and time. For, when the future is not just handed to us, we sometimes have got to give it a hand. Let me make something, smart or thoughtful, which has a lasting quality... let me take what variables I may, into my

hands, and give it some input. So, some things get done, in this way, which might not be accomplished, otherwise. During times when I'm feeling blue, or down, it can require a great deal, of concentrated awareness, to coax threads of thought, into existence. Where there was only a sense of wondering, there become answers. So, writing, to myself, is usually a pleasant surprise. Original material, when newly created, is exciting... it goes with myself, into the future, and another, too, may share in it. Or many others, in time. While I don't have any immediate plans of

turning my writing into profit, I do think, that this possibility is built into, the process. So, the rewards, are always there.

And too, there's a pride, in my life, as I find, 'today, I accomplished something, where there was nothing, now there is something.' And, I am one of those people, who was taught, at a young age, 'no pain, no gain.' 'a day spent in laziness, is a day wasted.' So, I do take myself for granted, sometimes... where others let time pass, from day to day, I see this as letting life pass me by. I guess, this explains my creativity. So, if one ponders over the

ultimate meanings, of life, my ideas about this, pertain so much to accomplishments, and the sense of well being, which comes from a pride, in having done a good job, done good work. Or, when one sees oneself alongside just anyone, who has ever written, or created. So, then, the world of the arts really comes to life, for a person... for all of the days of my childhood, I looked at the world of creativity, as an outsider, that is, until my works became seen in the same light, that all artists have been seen in... the world of men, of women, who threw off the

constraints of childhood, and took the role
of *earthling*, in considered fashion.

Thinking of 'that which lasts,' or endures,
the passage of time, when I will grow old
and die one day, the accomplishments I
leave behind, will quite possibly go with
me beyond the duration of my life span.
So, the 'journey of art,' is no small thing, at
all... it is an asserting of oneself, into all of
life, and time. The sense, which lingers,
from my first steps, into publishing, I
remember as a sort of a 'parting of the
waters.' It was in no respect easily

accomplished. This was like, passing thru

an airlock, from a small, sheltering submarine vessel, into the very ocean depths themselves... the vast expanses of water, above my self, were a real sort of pressure... the first faltering steps, into such an immense environment, were, perhaps the toughest part, of my whole life so far. So, much, a mind wants to stay, in a place of insularity; growing at all, is never really easy. The mind has a way, of hugging the shadows... if you never exert yourself, to really just see, what is on your mind, then you may never know. The nice thing about improvisational writing, or art,

is that you are not really meeting up to anyone elses standards, but your own. There are no rules, only those which are self-imposed. So, I think, this is like, a pure expression of ones own freedom, in his or her life... you apply perceptual acuteness, and a personal style, to the present, and writing, like this, is what you get. So, while the future isn't always clearly defined, in the now, we are able, thru our will and intelligence, to create, and recreate our lives, onto the page, with a fullness and a flexibility. So, I guess, to the confounding ways of life, its barrage, of fears, and

uncertainties, I give this writing, in hopes of... well, I guess that's pretty silly. Much more like it, writing is a gift, you give, to yourself... and hopefully, to others... bringing the promise and hopes of a new day, in all its newness, and vitality. A way, in itself, writing, or creating is simultaneously a path out of, the dense intellectual forest, of the adolescent, into what might well be, a difficult life, at times, yet which is as magnificent, and as splendid, as all of nature, at her rising.

~

Whenever new writing arises, from the

mists of my mind, I always feel like an explorer, or adventurer, navigating earthly, or elysial lands. With comforting companions about myself, earnestly looking on, I take steps, one by one, over a vast terrain... earth, sea, ocean, this planet, her flora... fauna... and all creatures, see me in my intrepid passages. Somehow, I am able of treading, over lands so old, and worn... solar energy beaming upon my head... electromagnetic wave forms and a constant, or ever-present flow of psychic data, and currents course my skin... as I

am buoyed along, upon the surface of the ocean of the now. A soul mate, a past-life companion, lends a hand up and over, and across, lands so completely marvellous, so intricately interwoven, afore my eyes... layer upon layer of wonder, unfolds like onion skins, upon my perceptions, and symbols, carefully unwinding and following along, grooving into tomorrow. So, here, are my thoughts... today. They make themselves known to myself, now, and my spirit leaps, with enthusiasm. There was once a day, when I was unable, of thinking

creatively, of anything, save my own painful needs, and agitation. So, it is with real gratitude in my heart, that I relinquish these ideas, to the page... my careful companions, nod with affirmation, at the soulful turn, to the days events. And I am glad, within and without. Now, when I write, I am in my element, in the most thorough sense. Safely, and comfortably within myself, sheltering upon the page, I dream... past, present, and future, speak within and throughout my interior observations, as I know, and be known, not for who I am not, but for who I am, in

every way. I am these words, for they arise from within, I place them upon the page, and the soul., warm and inviting, takes my hand, leading me along solid ground, thru lands of clarity, or mystery, probing the moment with an insightful clarity, and then times of uncertainty, or greater or lesser shadows and haze, finding, again, a place within which, my mind feels whole, and blissful... so this, surely, is why I write. For, now, I have ventured along the floor of a canyon, steep, descending walls, and escarpments, stretching up and away on

all sides.... or, I have surmounted a craggy mountain, and the vista is extraordinary. Well, now, I am awake, unto myself, and gradually, find my own elysium. And isn't the light superb, in this place? High, low, all inequity loses relevance as I recognise and acknowledge, the sprites of creation. So, where will my feet carry me tomorrow? Will such joy as this, go with me, playfully, hopefully, entertaining my days, and nights? Surely, it's not for me to wonder, over futures. I am pleased, by all this, and know, I am but a tiny part of a universe so

very vast, and eternal... wow. Breathe in... breathe out, spread your arms, and enfold the sky, one vast horizon, so distant and complete, outlines the circumference of my mind. Wonderful to be truly a being of this Earth.

Nature Prayer

*That which I perceive,
and what I know to be,
are often somehow separate things.*

How, in fact, can I perceive
a true reality
within these flowing, morphing senses?

How can I sift through
the progressive pictures and meanings
of the mind,
and decide for myself
the honorably right choices
in this clearly changing world?

I do firmly state
that there is a solid earth
beneath the feet of man,
and that really the challenge of life
lies in finding this place:

Here I talk of you and me,

*for as brothers and sisters,
we are challenged together
in this world, I think,
to link our souls
in righteous understanding,
every illusion notwithstanding.*

*Ensuring, those paths, and ways, which
affirm and sustain a strong, ongoing
symbolic link with the spirits of nature...
the natural universe, and all life we share
the planet with... I think, with the
frequency of species failures... so many are
tottering on the brink of extinction... how*

can we forge, once again, within our own deep, resonant psyches, a link, or bond, with this the natural universe? I guess, ancient peoples, who have gone before, maybe, found less distraction, from the bonds with the planet... and natural life... the mechanised world, was only a figment, people lived in a closeness, with the environs... one had to be in tune to weather, we had to do all from a considered standpoint, of, are the moons favorable, for this planting, or so forth... where a strong storm, could sink a ship, or small vessel, seafaring peoples, had to be

cued in to the subtlest hints and signs, from the atmosphere... we had to be in tune. And, conduct our lives honorably, so that our spiritual light shields, remain strong... where a snakebite, or a spider could put a journey far off course. So, the natural divinities, were more forward, in those peoples consciousness... they had bearing and relevance. It's only as we came to rely on astrolabs, and radar, and weather reports, for guidance, that those connections receded. So, of course, I would propose, from my view, a closer harmony, with the spirits of nature... I think

this is where the other side of life, perhaps, the more objective, and practical, can have bearing. (*Objective*, perhaps, being with in the language, of our minds, and the simplistic, wholistic, the childlike, the straightforward, or playful... for I think, by soothing, and placating, and ministering unto the spirits of nature... We can come closer. Or, in other words, many of our ways, are perhaps, too obscure, or indecipherable, or subjective, for all but a really domesticated animal, to grasp... 'is everything allright, or are we going to be allright, with this...') I think, as it's evolving,

today, really, some of the natural surface signs, could prove confusing, to so many animals... species disappearing, forever, small aquatic life, like creel, and small shrimp, and very sensitive animals, like butterflies, and probably other insects, and even the poor coral, seeing decreased populations... as well as, well, internal guiding lights, and locci, old constants, within a species, may be gowing at times fainter... familiar, perhaps ancient patterns, and pathways, becoming perhaps lost, in a jumble, or welter, of new confusions, and anomalies. Take an

accounting, and you may find, or at least I have, that the poor, surface apparancies, of the wildlife, as one steps out, are seeming, oft enough, affected, by some phenomena, either within myself, or themselves. (Sparrows and squirrels can be that way.) I would definitely propose, a re-strengthening, and revival, within the bonds, with nature... for the real solid earth, we step upon, is in our familes, and our local environs, with the web of life, (all life is connected!) those we share the planet with, need to know... are we real? Are we, really, the stewards of nature, for I

think, she relies on us pretty heavily, for reassurance, as natural signs, can at times confuse, or frighten, her simplistic, natural, ways. peace

~

The geological dimension, interstellar, astro-physical, or other kinds of phenomenal twists and turns of the local group, the stars which make up our suns closest neighbors, and electromagnetic environs, seem like, logically, would be the primary aspect, of the underlying fabric, which shapes our inner psychic lands. Perhaps, this perception is a

function of mine own idealistic ways... my orientation, to the natural universe.

Animals, perhaps, are more tuned into the natural habitat, than we can really be. But still, some of us are, more or less in tune, to nature, or ecologies, of the environs.

And, I guess, in truth, this is not really such a bad way to be... I think, it's enough to be able to draw a personal distinction, and affiliation, within this planet... I've been here nearly 39 years... breathing the air, walking the lands... so then, to be forgetful, and neglect the really precious connections, with nature, is to be only

half-here. We are the *stewards*, and
companions, of nature.

And, indigenous, or early peoples, who
went before, shape our lives today, in
some important ways. Because, as the
significances of an earlier times, and
climates, become written, or carved, upon
tablets, or monuments, or pottery, or
metal tools and jewelry, or coins... and
survive to the present day, we find
indeed... that when, these relics are all that
remain, of just stretches of many
thousands of years, of ancient history... the
metaphoric underpinnings of that day,

then, can find themselves re-expressed, or re-imagined, within our own subpsyches.

How do these feel, then? And, how are these so often lived, or experienced... how do they come at us? And, how to return to an accurate divination, or soothsaying, or prediction? I think, that in the present, I experience so much, on a day to day basis, from a down perspective... or, from within a time which is often enough, healing itself, from one or another recent withholding, or alienation, from the wholesomeness, and wellness, I need, with my spiritual being. This, then, is so

much like an underdog perspective... So, it
is in the light, or shadows, of these
apparencies, that I again consider the
great rocky globe, beneath myself. For
laughter, is the best medicine, and time,
the best physician, and nature, the best
healer.

One of the main things I note about this
planet, and our place and time upon it,
other than her generally habitable
climates... is certainly the vast age, of the
Earth. I think, in so much as mind
expanding literature can be an aid, to
understanding... the primary Falun Dafa

work, (or, of which I'm aware, anyway,) opens with a panormaic view, of the vast well, of the past... aeons, after aeons, ages upon ages, this planet has pretty much been around forever... been much the same, for really just epoch upon epoch.

The era of the present view of history, we have and keep in our librarys, and hold in our hearts. But this is, upon consideration, perhaps enmeshed in a myopia, or near-sightedness, which probably has beset modern man. Our minds are getting smaller, perhaps, yet at the same time, the constants, higher tools, astro-physics

discoveries, and such else as which emerges from the flux, are really more universal, or timeless... we're sifting thru, and locating our place in the heavens, the image is more in focus. But we have to remember, also, not to ignore, or discard, the past histories, of this present age.

When we can learn, from records, knowing how to interpret them, becomes important. Seeing also, how the records of the past, eventually, will decay, does suggest a time beyond fossils, and all relics, which has simply been repeatedly worn away, into sand, under every river,

and seabed current since time immemorial. So, our memories, are all which we hold, and cherish... and keeping a constant memory, which can readily learn, and grow... this is the main human asset, to growth, I find. I guess, finding connections, and relationships, with others, is the main part of my life, today. Thoughts, of the natural world, and my closeness, time and again, to the varied life within our biosphere, have always been such a reprieve, from some of the illnesses, and symptoms, which can plague, a mind like mine own. For nature,

is a healer. Reminding, myself, of the connections, the fabric, which we as beings, share with this planet... and the distances, which can sometimes be, more pronounced, within, as we gradually come to a sort of a re-awakening, to our heritage, amongst the land, and our personal ideals, in this. And, I guess, it is in an idealistic way, that I feel most at ease, and comfortable. For, how does one find oneself, at best? At peace, within study of nature, or using some knowledge of physical dynamics, turning these into brand new discoveries, and

understandings, and finding advancement, on a personal level. So, far be it from myself, to consider much beyond the natural cosmos, and such beings as which share our planet, in relation to myself. Having an understanding, of people, is what is sometimes called wisdom. Understanding of oneself, might can be called knowledge. Yet it is sharing such ideals as this, within a natural context, of harmony, and peace within ones own environment, which is in truth, the solidity, of the ground, we walk upon. And the

environment, the local ecologies... nothing less than the animal, minerals, and vegetables, these worlds are an awesome antidote, or contrast, to the confounding ways of, the projected shadows, of the psyche, today.

So, I think this is important to remember. For, in returning unto oneself, he or she just always wants to be in an easy way, gracefully discovering natures hidden wisdoms. So, it is in doing this, tonight, that I find mine own self, time and again. And I guess, these are the interior virtues, of just all, which I have placed on high.

Having a grounding within a time beyond myself, ones early years, or childhood learning, or teenage reading, ones memory store... and personal dreamweaving... *secondary*, to the self-discovery, of ones formative years, are the experiences, of the adult world... we're fortunate, if the mature world, can match, the learning and growing days, (the experiences,) of ones development. It is from a valued retrospect, that I so often find my life ways. And when one can look back, and find the worst behind him or herself... this is a fulfilling peace. So, these

lands, which the mind journeys over, and over, *within*, in ones youth, or from an insular, perspective, have to have been, often enough, given, of a particular set of initiations, or perhaps, mystery schools, or revelations, of ones own natural endowments, within his or her life, and times. Because, what these experiences within, do, is instill in us a more earthy and universal way, which does have a circular path... we always, return to where we began. And this is the path, which too, forms art... one wants to have a boundless reservoir, and pallatte, within the empty

page, or blank canvas... so this is found, as one learns the ins and outs of playing the feminine, or the passive... and a self-scrutiny, or critique... one finds interior conversations, and rhythms, which build upon themselves, following down the page, or medium, just time and again. But it takes a perpetual self-awareness, and balancing equally, within the culture, about his or her self, a search for meaning, and growth, to ever get far along, with writing anywhere near prolifically.

~

A moment of reflection...

I have an inner sense, which tells me, when it is a good time for writing. Like a real feeling, that I could better understand myself, by sorting thru my feelings upon paper. 'I have no idea, just why, I feel this way, I simply do.' 'I have inner feelings, which can truely run the spectrum, but I am not really those feelings.' So, in looking, to see beyond, and learn from, inner experiences, I have reasoned, at last, to be entirely positivistic, in all matters mind. So, then, I can glean insight, into how to more effectively compose my thoughts, as far as that goes. A person

goes a distance, looking to find an opportunity, for looking at, his or her own thoughts. So, then he wants, immediately, to avoid 'unloading,' or venting by way of writing. Having the correct approach, is everything. Since the writer, or artist isn't always dealt the cards he or she would most like... there's a sort of an escapist solution, anyone can do... through a mode of re-shuffling the deck, and returning to a pre-occupied and peaceful state of mind, clearing the air, in a way, a person avoids squandering time, on struggles, and personal issues... and, he or she wants,

also, to feel, and experience them... to plumb the times of his life. But avoid wasting time. When a person can do this, his or her inner experiences, if thoughtfully allowed, can make him a better person.

Because, its no joke, sometimes things happen to us, that we can't have anticipated. Communities know this, and so are able to endure, the unavoidable misfortune that comes, occasionally. In this way, we find endurance, and continuance. If there is one certain thing, I have learned, in my years, it is this: The truth is out there. It doesn't really matter

what is the nature of the experience, one is going thru... he or she can know, there is a reason, or a set of reasons, behind every pronounced inner experience. Our creator, just did not make us, to suffer endlessly.

He or she would not have that, I don't think. In life, sometimes the analogy, or the syllogism, can carry so much weight... bearing ones own weight, or his or her childrens load, or that of a collective, or body of any kind, a symphony of more than one, or many people, needs just a little grace... I may compensate, thru writing, or scrapbooking, or even talking

to friends on the phone. One tries to make it work... in his or her life... sometimes, its just making the effort, thats most important... for a culture, or system can usually accomodate, and contain, the dreams, and endeavors, of its own. Where one is weak, another is strong... i.e. 'life goes on.'

It really does help, sometimes, to sort through feelings on paper. Even if only one or two others reads them, he or she then better knows his own heart.

Inner Models

I have heard physicists speak of future

interstellar travel, to neighboring stars and systems within our galaxy, and beyond. Well, how will this be possible? I've been brainstorming this, and here are some ideas... Faster than light travel is one way. Accelerating a ship and crew to light speed or better requires propulsion systems which we haven't yet discovered. An ideal means might be an ion drive of some kind? I think this goal is being realised, eventually.

Other theories put forth ideas of teleportation. Simulated or naturally occurring '*wormholes*' might could be used.

Scientists have made remarkable progress in a particular kind of simultaneity, making one atom appear in two distinct locations at the same time. At the time I read about this, it excited me and I imagined us having the ability to create space-time resonances in formulaic ways, and cause a space craft to leap around the cosmos.

This idea suggests, that *inner models* are really a means to understanding, in space travel. Inner models... use your imagination for a moment. Maybe the world can be seen as a spherical unit, or organism. The *outward*, or *visible*

universe, being like the *crust*, of a planet, with successive layers reaching inward, somehow, *within*, like layers of a planet, to a mantle, and finally a center point surrounded by a core. Here you can see, this model of the Universe is indeed a holistic view. So perhaps, with powerful computers, using a kind of electromagnetic / biological synthesis or interface, we might be able to modify space-time in powerful, subtle ways by interfacing in precise, formulaic patterns, forming resonances and connections with the higher mind, or '*subspace fabric*' in

ways modeled on the *human thought experience.*

Physicists have already put forth such a view, in which a vessel might traverse vast interstellar distances, by, relative to the position of the ship and crew, somehow collapsing the fore-space, while simultaneously expanding the aft space *around the ship.*

This in effect could move the ship and crew to a distant vantage point, relative to the minds on board. This was postulated in the sci-fi books by Frank Herbert, when he wrote about an ancient or distant

society, where 'spice eaters' would inject a fanciful 'vision spice,' and 'fold' space to move a ship around.

But, since researchers have never really proved able of *corroberating telepathy*, perhaps it could be said that no one on Earth would ever know with certainty whether or not the ship and crew ever arrived at its destination?!? Or maybe other inner principles could be referenced?

~

I'm always attracted to a sense of timelessness... of neither antiquity, nor

modernity, just one infinite universe of cycles, and possibility. For that which is in motion tends to remain in motion, and I believe there is an underlying order to the cosmos. Well, just what guides things to settle in to orderly patterns, and cycles?

Intelligence? Love? There is a human aspect behind everything. People, I think, are somewhere between myths, and archetypes. At least, our planet, epoch upon epoch, the mind tends to reference lore, and the stories, which have come, and gone. That which stands the test of time, and that which doesn't. The mind

recollects, or references these ancient or more recent tales, and permutations, I believe, which have fallen into the Akashic memory. It seems like, we call Akashic, that which keeps tabs upon all, all human records and actions. The conscious mind, is overlain by, perhaps progressively higher planes, of consciousness. All that we have ever done, or created, just goes right into the Universes memory banks... it there lives permanantly, and can be recalled or recollected, by the individual, forever. This sounds fanciful, but it is truth.

So, I believe there is a truth, not of any single thought, or way, but an vast, infinite, eternal, land of beautiful, clear forms and symbols, myths and archetypes being a part of this. So, perhaps, the intellect, and love, which has always guided all settling and passages, within our solar system, gradually seems to mold all bodies, astral and physical, into eventual classical patterns, and shapes. I do take an open minded approach, (I'm naturally inclined to encourage the formation of new stories and myths, because I would suggest that anyone can

find immense relief and livelihood, thru
music, writing, or art.)

On Writing

'Activity and energy, but await those moments 'in between,' times when contemplation and evaluation become easier.' So, beginning a piece of writing with a familiar, tried and true divination, then one can go from there. *Knowing the keyboard*, becomes pretty important. Inputting an essay can be a laborious process, if you're just hunting and pecking. I guess, I really recollected my typing skills, at around my early thirties... I had

forgotten about it. But I had a computer, and so then, right away, I got into 'stream of consciousness,' or improvisational writing, and found that I indeed had things to say. A lot of my writing has come, however, with only a notebook and pen. But I would say, one wants to use a ball point, over the humble pencil... writing is smoother, easier, just the process gets simplified. Eventually, I had a nice group of essays, and divinations. And so, naturally, I wanted to organise them, into what I was calling a 'chapbook,' for eventual publication. And so began a lengthy

process, of arranging, rearranging, amending, rearranging just hundreds and hundreds of times... I had a good quality ink jet printer, and this was also important, for I always tended to want a current printout of my going project, or permutation, or configuration. This revision process just went on and on, because I found just thousands of minor word choice revisions, which came as I tried to bring cogency and cohesiveness to the entire project, as a whole. *Does it look right, on the page?* This is always ones guiding principle, in composition. I

rely upon a subtle exchange with in the forward leaning, progressive, language processing of my upper eyesight. This is a sensitivity, which is my primary aid, in deciding the best word choice selections, and arrangements. Years stretch out, and one gradually comes to think of him or herself as a 'writer,' it is what he is *doing*, with himself or herself. So, learning about process, and finding a flow, from day to day, week to week, you begin to notice little synchronies and symphonies, within your expressions... I found writing one day, to be a stroke different, thematically, from

the previous day, and another different still. Sensing voices and visions expressing themselves thru oneself, the mind naturally arrives, upon a royally humanistic outlook... including the sacredness of all life, and the importance of minimalism, and responsibility in ones compositions, an artistic 'ethos,' emerges, and you start learning of who you really are, within all of the times of your life.

~

In looking to soothe and explore my mind today, I am attracted to the lessons of the past... avoiding past mistakes, learning

from ones experiences... when I can really do this, I am showing what it means to be human, in so many ways. We always learn from the past... maybe that is why we study the past... to escape having to learn the same lessons over again. And I do this a lot, really. I am always comparing, my present expressions, with things I have written in the past, and in doing this, I remain current, and vital. Also, this can be how one arrives at a unity of vision, or the kind of place where he or she knows his own ranges, and what other people or peoples, besides himself, he resembles, or

identifies with. So, I look to keep a strong self-concept. Knowing ones self, is important for todays adult, and one of the best ways to do this is thru improvisational writing, or art of any kind. Because I believe that I am my own best companion, and knowing to draw from my inner resources has allowed me just a great sense of accomplishment, in the words and music I have saved over the years. So, I'm always seeking, not only to find answers, and similitudes, to the wonder and amazement I feel sometimes at life itself, but also to grow, in some way. I feel

this is important, and though I may never really publish my works for money, I'm so much of an artist, I file everything I do. Because I like to complete a project, and time is probably the main component of this process, for this doesn't happen overnight. So organizing and arranging, smaller pieces begins to happen at a stage, and a book takes shape. It may not be like anybody else's writing, overall, but I still take pride in having completed it. And I then feel like I've brought a healthier order, to my inner cosmos, than if I just saw my mind as off limits. To me, the

interior reaches are simply calling to be expressed... on the page, or in music, and so I do this. So much of my identity is wrapped up in this process. So, I guess this is why we call a person 'gifted,' in some way he or she is gifted, the makings of a literary or musical career... by, his or her own mind. For, to another, this aspect might not just come, onto the page, at all. So, I guess part of what makes me who I am is being a grateful recipient of the gifts, my mind proffers. And managing this area responsibly. So, the world just has to be ready or willing to accept, a gift,

because external factors, can invalidate some works, or make them appear useless and dead. And this is always to be avoided. So, having a flexible medium, like this webpage, lets me interact in ways I would choose to... I'm not bound to any set presentation, or work, I always have the ability to draw them back, if the time is unsupportive in some way. So, these things are important to remember... I am a flesh and bone creature, and subject to faults and limitations. So, I do sometimes make mistakes... just knowing, I think, how to change, and not being egotistical in

worrying about what another might think, is important. So, I've always been glad for the interactivity, of the internet.

Gaining Perspective

These things go unnoticed most all of the time, yet make up so much of our inner and outer experience. You know what they are, but here, I will list a few of them, to better grasp the shadows which at times seem oppressive to my senses.

The deep sonic waves of the sun, and the galaxy itself, hardly pass thru the vacuum of emptiness which lies between. Still, these sounds are radiated, and dissipate

into the void. One would need to be closer to the sun, to feel its deep thrumming roar.

But, the sun is a plasma ball, formed of continuous, ongoing hydrogen combustion heat energy releases.

Perpetually, it emits vast quantities of heat and light, just all across the electromagnetic spectrum. Infinite waves of radiated energy are constantly streaming outward... much of it which comes our way is filtered by the earths ozone layer and atmosphere. Spend too much time in the sun, however, and you

may develop a tan, or even wrinkles, or
skin disease.

The earth's magnetic field is constantly in flux, influencing and being influenced by the local energy. As the sun turns, slowly and perpetually upon its axis, its core and outer layers interact with empty space and the continuous reactions continually taking place, (the energy exchanges which never ever cease) and a vast field of electromagnetic current is generated, just a huge kind of doughnut reaching to the end of the solar system. As far as the gravitational attraction extends, and

beyond, electromagnetic forces are continually surging, and influencing (inner and outer) life upon the great earth. A disturbance within the massive core of the sun, will equate to an electromagnetic shock to our earths foundations.

So our magnetic field and the suns are intricately woven, or meshed into one looping, symbiotic fabric. This, then, is the underlying framework of subspace reality which binds all the local planets and life with the sun, our moon and other nearby stars, and forms a small extension of the galactic subspace fields. It's no wonder

our relative inner experience changes from day to day, as the underlying fabric is continuously surging and ebbing and flowing, and influencing our senses and predispositions.

The sun turns, slowly, making one revolution in approximately 27 earth days. Yet its own immense gravity holds the gigantic mass of plasma into a spherical shape. It's a giant spinning droplet of firey hydrogen plasma floating in the void, radiating volumes of light and heat throughout the entire solar system.

Anything which comes too close is

captured within its immense gravitational field and sent plummetting into its churning surface, to be vaporized.

Now, we, upon the earth, feel but a small amount of this, the suns energy. Our miles-thick blanket of nitrogen, oxygen, and water vapor simply acts as a giant cushion, shielding we people from the infinite pinpricks of all kinds of radiation.

We might do good, upon the moon, to shield ourselves from it thru some means, with the absense of atmosphere there.

But upon earth, we might enjoy basking, slowly tanning ourselves on a beach, or

beside a pool. There is no better friend to man, than filtered sunlight. With water and soil, life thrives here, and will continue to thrive.

The weight, the volume and mass of the earths atmospheric blanket is experienced by all life as a steady pressure. Without this air pressure, we would fling apart into space. Yet we hardly ever can feel the weight of the air. Gravity is a continuous pulling sensation, holding us down, onto the surface of the earth. We have developed complex balancing systems, which let us walk or sit upright, without

toppling over, down toward the earth.

Other energies which may influence life on
earth:

Gigantic boulders and smaller rocks and
more conspicuous comets are continually
coursing throughout the heavens, snaking
and twisting thru the larger stellar bodies'
magnetic fields. Countless loops and
slingshots are continually accellerating
and transforming... morphing the
trajectories of just countless interstellar
objects, some local to our solar system,
and other tremendous boulders and fast-
moving bodies and ejecta rising and

falling up out of the galactic stew.

I sometimes wonder what it would be like
in the limitless void of intergalactic
space... to just rest, and simply exist in
expanded shape, not drawn down by the
gravity of any star, with a crystalline,
unobstructed view of the great spiral of
the galaxy. Aren't galaxies like whirlpools
in space-time? Maybe the passage of time
would be slower, much more expansive
and lazy in the intergalactic void. Maybe
the huge, spiraling vortex of the galaxy is
simply that which disturbs our
sensibilities... maybe with a deep space

outpost situated beyond the galaxy, we might get a glimpse of a true spiritual expansiveness. What might intergalactic art look like?

~

Perhaps, in the not so distant future, we might skirt the stars in speed-of-light vessels, and therefore planetary life will be more or less understood by all, not merely on an experiential level, but also on the cellular and genetic level. At that stage, perhaps, all things will become not only *possible*, but *foreseeable*, into the awakened human awareness.

Still, understandings relevant to the inner life of modern men and women are not necessarily applicable to real life, on the exoteric level. Perhaps, as ones indwelling becomes more and more affected, conscious effort must be applied, to hold to the conventions of acceptable society.

Yet, in some strange way, couldn't it be possible that a sort of 'dweller on the threshold' might be able, at times, to completely transcend time? Being able to peer into alternate universes, could become as simple and commonplace as

pouring a cup of coffee. This being a real, and not imaginary 'modus operandi,' combined with the super-valued future perspective afforded by interstellar transit and communication, wouldn't this make for much safer and better planetary life required to make the kinds of real progress we need to be Galactic citizens? Seems as if, as humanity's real perspective is raised higher and higher into the stars, we can begin to flower more completely than ever before, instantly recognizing subtle trends and really just having a foresight that is light years ahead of even

where we are today. So, I think this is the
hope proffered by this piece.

~

In writing, sometimes, it's good, to have a
clear goal, or just some key, or
'transcendence potion,' to kind of
contribute, to the page. I seem to know,
on a turn, just when, to look beneath the
surfaces, of my mind... or, when it is a
good time, for doing this. So, one is
fortunate, if he or she does find and
sustain an interest level, in an essay, or
divination. When I can, do this, I'm happy;
there's a willingness, of my mind, to write.

So, not every article, I write, is really included in a larger work, such as a book. Then, others find a place, for a time, in a project, and then I let them go. Or I'm just not content, with them... in some way. The content, or context, of some writing, makes it so that I don't really love it... then I can put it back in the discard pile. And, it really helps, to stay on task, for a while, following any new publishing... be willing to contribute numerous re-reads, of anything new... just stay tuned in, as to the ways, it is being received. And, while this isn't magic, you'll find there's an intuitive

sense, as to how ones writing is taken.

Surely, one wants to refrain from becoming referential, thru his or her writing... I like to make it reside, comfortably, and tidily, upon the page...

this is precisely why I have covered such topics as writing itself, or just looking at my feeling ranges, without ever saying, one way or another, any referential source, originating some psychic place.

This lets, more, how one reacts to and works with, stressors, take stage, of itself, rather than even looking at the causes and effects, of phenomena in day to day life.

Because, it matters little, to myself, that some things in life make me feel such and such a way, I just look at my responses, and reactions.

Do I react to stress well... am I able, to always see the glass as half full? If so, then it makes my self esteem rise. So, while I do sometimes, go thru inner psychic experiences, knowing to find the good, in things, makes me usually like my writing... it is really never much of a headache, for me, publishing my writing, for it generally refrains, from being illogical. Definitely, this is important, for in an

ordered society, you just have to keep a healthy approach. I would try to not color my language with too much attitude... then, its not really doing anything, for anyone. So, it has to be with the program, and serving some function- namely, being interesting, or engaging.

Because, after all, if my words can't hold some positive interest level, with whomever reads them, then my words had better not come at all, onto the page.

Adding the occasional spice, or seasoning, to an essay, lets the perceptions dance, more, or in choosing my words, I might

make them more subtle, or gentle... heavy handedness, is to be avoided. Hold to a uniformity, or don't make far-out or obscure connections, unless it is an assist, to the ideas being conveyed. Some times, reversing word order, in a pair of words, can lend a bit of magic, to an essay. For, then, it will be read in a fresh way, while still conveying the same meaning.

And isn't art, and literature, like the land of opposites, and interesting contrasts? For, there is such a creedence, which comes to a writer, eventually... he has learned his way around his mind... all of the foggy

corners, and cobwebs of the adolescent,
will be behind him or herself... they are
there, on the page.

~

Ordering my priorities, is important, I
know, in being an effective administrator,
of my life, and ways. Growing close, to my
self, might be done, or related, thru a
process... in looking at the aims, beliefs,
principles... as well as the contrasts, as
proximity is found, within and amongst,
the romances, the diversions... the joys,
and bliss... of my love-kin. I guess, this
really comes to a fullness, within my

chosen craft, or preoccupation... where I put my priorities, becomes perfectly apparent, as I find, finally, a sacred ground, and an opportunity, for creating a handhold, and thus growing, along the ways I have chosen. For my path today, is mostly in writing... my instruments, of this, are completely in sympathy, with journaling, or just taking a moment, now and then, to put my thoughts, upon paper, or media... capturing a moment, in my life and times.

This is the same way that has been chosen, by some, since before history began...

expressing, ones self, is not only about, having some skill, in style, craft, or design... it records, for all time, a moment from ones own life... ones self... just when, and whatever, comes, onto the page... these are handholds. For, I'm about sure, that this is my way... I would just disappear, into the tumultuous waves of my psyche, without a direction, when... I can look behind myself, and trace my footsteps, back, across time... I find meanings, and synchronies... symphonies, within my self, and the world I occupy. So, the sheer joy, which comes, as one relates

ones self... another day, to make one more
inch, in space-time... and a continuance.

So, an expanse of interior landscape,
gradually appears... I grasp, past, present
and, even future, in a moment... and *then*,
a place of vision. So, I know... I have done
myself well, and may look, and perceive,
the ways I have chosen, or found.

~

With winter comes a receeding... a
withdrawing, and a descent, from the
zephyrs of summer, into the density, and
compactness, of the colder months.

Nature's cycles... (the perspective, she

brings us,) ...the squirill family living in the trees in back of our place, have three kids... I saw them yesterday, running along the fence- all three, in a line- and skirting amongst the tree branches. Thriving squirill family, now, with a store of new pecans, from the trees around our house.

We'll likely have a mild winter, as it's warm yet, for November. I think, not many animal species, are much like gypsies. No, they tend to call one spot home, like most of us, and lines continue, over time... from year to year. So, see, I originate my days, from a natural perspective, and like to

return there whenever possible. This gives me a grounding, and a centeredness, as I really perceive how I relate, to my immediate surroundings. The challenges, of my life, can be overwhelming... I want to keep my feet on the ground, from year to year. And I have seen recently, that life finds a way, it will endure, and adapt, to anything like a climate shift, probably much more so, than we can presently imagine. Adaptation, is nature's own way. Most of us have always known, a constant, or consistent environmental ranges... so, we can look within our own species, and

the life around us, and we just haven't seen the power, of adaptation. The climate, in many places, is pretty mild. But I think I know instinctually, life is hardy, and resilient. And there's a natural wisdom, in all of life... it's a basic, fundamental thing. So, we as people, can probably look to nature, and find the standards, for endurance. There are just so many native species, on this planet in the heavens... they express themselves, as the climates will allow. So, the universe is full of life, as climates permit. Life on Earth, is a never ending story... our planets

closeness, to the sun, our moon, and cycles... life is abundant, in this region of the sky. So, and this is really what it is like... we don't really have to ponder over the question... 'what is life like in the universe...' just look beneath the surface, and upon the surface of this rock, our suns third planet... we still have lots to understand, of our own home. And I do think, with the revolution, of industry, and mass production, sort of has come successive generations, whom are more distanced, from the ecologies of Earth... perhaps, our ways are less wholistic, and

vigorously honest, than those of yore. The personal odyssey, for everyman, nowadays, I think, wants to include a return to thorough, penetrative analysis, of all that our individual selves entail.

Without this emphasis upon priorities, our lives just aren't inhabiting a fullness, the way they might would have been, centuries before.

~

I think I find, the natural themes, in the latter half of this writing, really say so much more, to myself, than those pertaining to writing in and of itself.

Writing, is a means, for navigating, the waters of ones life... I guess I've looked at art for arts sake, really, to so much of a completeness, now... the season of *my* life, seems to be more about my connections, to the natural world... it's as if, I don't feel I'm saying anything new, in writing about writing, and am leaning more back to the lands, and the mysteries, and wonder of the magical contrasts, or congruencies, and connections, we share with other species, and that which is within our selves. So, I can easily see the Gaia hypothesis, in light of writing, and the

nurturance, we can find, as we grow more in sync, with ourselves... for, the flowing, transformative, and life affirming interior reaches, will always be there, whenever we choose, to draw from what she can show us. Isn't this Mother Earth, too, just that which we carry always with ourselves, which we dip into, anytime, we write, or express ourselves outwardly... the mind, allows both the sense, of moments flowing, as well as the timeless, the eternal, thoughts of the omnipresent, same as... the Earth beneath our feet, the regular cycles, and rhythms of life

here. So, knowing this unity of disciplines is always near, one is really never alone, in life.

A Discernment

When one goes about to discern, what is beneath the surfaces, of his or her mind, it really takes but a moment, to tell if it's a good time for writing, or not. I guess, above all else, one has to feel generally good, physically, and psychically... when he or she does, then those feelings can be translated, onto the page, in an interesting manner. Also, there is a particular feeling,

a kind of sense of lacking, as if part of myself, wishes to join whatever project, I am currently working on. So, it can be as if, there is a sense of incompleteness, a new essay, is coming forth. Any time I feel this way, I will write, or just create, to make for myself, what is lacking. As I am a writer, I am always at work, on the larger picture of my self... that which I have managed to bring forth... the potions, and keepsakes I have gathered, through the years. My life seems to contrast, with the sameness, of the passive, or non-creative. So, not only is this something, which I can

call my own... these projects I have saved over the years, can translate to financial support... I might not just always, have a steady income... I feel proud, knowing, I have done good things for myself. If I can't use the tools I have, I will find the tools I need, for my dreamweaving. I think my life would be empty, without the continuance, I have discovered, on the page, or media.

And I do share this... the social, side of living... the day to day connectivity... one to another, in the group where I find myself. But, in truth, there is so much more... and even something as simple, and

easy as scrapbooking, brings so much happiness into my life. So, these are the things I like. So I, too, am validated by the words I use... I just find this more, on the written page. And here, I am more economical, more slow, and patient, and thorough, in my approach. Because, I don't want my words, to become tarnished, as the time passes. Then, too, it can just be my inner energy level, which is so pronounced, and this is my impetus to write, or create. So, I'll see, then, if I can put it onto the page. And then, it's just the ways of affection, of the new creation,

which I find so much. As my words come together, I really slow down, so much... my concentration intensifies... I become part of, the language, flowing onto the page. I

like this feeling... it's truly a transcendence, as my mind entertains, and becomes engaged, in the energy, coming to be, between my eyesight, my fingertips, and the written page. Other concerns fade... I'm in my element.

Everyone has, some mode, of concentration, they sometimes enter into, where he or she finds this... whether its cycling, or rock climbing, or pottery

making... it's something, they've shown themselves, thru which to excell. So, then, this is when, ones ideals can really shine forth. People, I feel, have to dispense with the sensory creature... for a space of time...

and enter into an purely spiritual, or intellectual sort of place, a personal elysium, where the higher thoughts, begin to come out. It's pretty clear, what I want to see, or show myself, it's what's always present... most of the time, it's clouded over, or obscured, by subconscious perceptions... I've got to really set all of this background noise aside, for ever

knowing, much of what is currently on my mind. So, then, it is in an idealistic manner, that I sort thru my perceptions. Some days, really, are kind of, like 'paying dues,'... I place the subtler, softer, side of living aside, and entertain the sense of walking, or hiking, across rugged lands, in the crisp fall air... I grow conscious of my discomforts... aches and pains... the cold, drizzling rain, dripping down my collar, forming drops on the tip of my nose... metaphors such as this, come forward... I sort of retreat, into the corners and shadows of my mind... living my day, is

now a matter of getting down the path... finding easier walking, awaiting the warmth, the daydreams, which can come, as transcendence is discovered, off and on... along the way. Perhaps, in a while, my perceptions will become more attuned, to the *natural*, stoney tree-lined way... maybe the sun, will come out... and the temperature will warm up. Having my camera, on hand, I might save a snippet or vignette from the natural surroundings... take away, a small piece, from the lands, the experience, of the day. So, this is in my mind... nothing really too interesting, or

uncommon... just the sense, of walking the lands... being amidst, the elements... the sense of being on a path, my personal way. Nothing is excessive, or wrong... it's just another day... another morning. This is such a sense of sameness, for these words, are just simple, how I like. Nothing is really too challenging, or difficult... poetry, is usually, harder on the writer, I guess, than a description of a landscape.

So, it's these dreams, which I like. Expanses of time, stretch out afore my self... I think it's good, to feel this way, to sense these things. There, too, is such a

quietness, and permanance... the flow, on the whole, is tranquil, and stable. So, there is so much, I can just take for granted... as

I'm perhaps, too conscious, of the chillyness in the air... It can be re-assuring, to count blessings... this is really, what I like, to do. So, there. These are my feelings. This is where I am, psychically. I find it so comforting, to write, sometimes. For I feel, I am my own best friend. I know, I have found this way, and it is good. So, now. I read back across these words, and I just love the sensibilities, all through. So, I can relax, my mind, knowing it's sensitive,

and undistracted... and I'm glad, to be seeing these things. I grasp a transcendence, especially as I see how, the time I have invested, has not been wasted... were this writing confused, or bothered... if I were discontent with it, then it would be so different. So, I'm really in a multi-hued sensory pallatte, today... that which shapes my feelings. I look upon things... past, present, and future... these senses... the energy zones, that have ways of jumping out at myself, what is pronounced more today, or less... my emotions, the contrasts, and harmonys...

what could be better, than gently feeling ones way, through a piece of writing, and time of day. Simply put, it's fun, like a hobby in astronomy... peering thru the aperature, of a powerful lens, at my surrounding world.

The Mind

This is always just such a pleasure... the wonder I feel at seeing new thoughts and combinations of thoughts flowing onto the page... riding the crest of the moment, testing ones own psychologies amidst a brew of spiritual voices... the past, the present, the future... the music in my ears,

the temperature of my skin in various parts of my body. My cultural place, and sense of belonging is a fluid, ever-changing union, a kind of a continuous, organic, living exchange of ethers and impressions, ideas and vibrations. Rays of light dart from perspective to perspective, station to station, as the feel morphs from static, to active, calm to energetic.

Sometimes restless or chaotic, other times placid and languid, energy flows never ever cease. It is sensing these things tonight which I find exciting... writing can be visual, and visceral yet cerebral and

non-attached. As new thoughts are borne onto the page, my mind is filled with dancing energies, the active spirits of creation. Am I writing this essay, or are my thoughts and visions doing the writing?

So, I am self aware, when writing. And this writing perfectly illustrates the distinction between self consciousness, and self awareness. For it is thru awareness that we become able to find and feel mastery of ones medium, the mind body union which can allow one to practice experimental writing, or art. Self-consciousness, on the other hand, is more

of a clouded feeling. The sun may be shining, but it's raining inside. The mind eats away at itself, left becomes right, good begins to appear bad, and so on. Why are we here? Who am I underneath the surface? Who do I want to become? It is by envisioning solutions to these questions that we gradually begin to create. For myself, the means have themselves become the end. I write about writing, because I am amazed and filled with wonder and excitement at the dynamics of my mind... from where do my thoughts arise, and what kind of life shall

they take on? I feel sometimes like a school of ghostly fish, slowly navigating thru my life, like the currents of a vast ocean. I feel like a ghost. Writing about feelings like these is the way I grasp just where I am at the moment... more forward looking, or backward looking. Whether more together, or scattered and confused. And, as I am so often too aware of the ways my body feels... physical sensations of my head, neck and shoulders, torso, and solar plexus, I can use writing to unbind my mind from itself, to unwind. So this is my meditation, this evening. In the

course of writing, the accrued aches and bumps of the day have all passed away... leaving me fully in tune, to the music, which now has taken on brighter, more optimistic colors and feelings, and to my soul, which feels fulfilled, in the very act of creation. Writing is like a mindful inspiration, one which takes care of itself, and states its own dimensions and frames of reference fully in relation to the world it is part of. Writing can be like taking charge, for as optimism builds, for a piece of writing and time of day, the world simply comes around, slowly, to

stewardship of its children, its inhabitants. Earth, air, fire, water, these elements are harmonised with ones being, allowing smoother passage of all comings and goings. It is always such a reassuring thing to find that I am alright, I am not sick, and my woes are not permanent. And then I have given myself a new marker, or landmark, in my life. For this was created this night, to better understand where I am now, and dream of the future. For the future is all around us. At every turn, we are given openings and paths across the future, if we are willing to take them. Can I

alter the physical characteristics of my future landscape with this writing? Can I transform it from a field of ice to a field of golden wheat? And it is in seeing this that I am most satisfied, with this writing, and this concept.

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This is the gift of art... poetry, music, song, theatre... since time began, man has sought to preserve magic somehow... even within the shadows upon a rough cavern wall. The will, to change ones social standing in some mysterious, catalytic way, has always been present in those

who life has chosen, for each and every creation is a self-fulfillment in itself. It seems almost, at times, like one is born into life upon this world with so much benefit to transmit... it is then, the capturing of it onto media in some form, which is critical. But, such things as books, paintings, really, symphonies... these things have heavenly origins. Knowing what I know about the mind allows me to see that a book, or painting may choose a painter or writer to express itself thru. This is why artistic role modeling is important for parents, for the child will emulate the

parent(s) at different times in his or her life, and, he may become a channel, or medium for a lifetime of works to flow thru. And this is also why purity is important, for in violating laws regarding controlled substances, one is fragmenting his or her life's foundational structure. But it is within this process, the negotiating of ones relationship to some living sphere of heaven which he or she hopes to align himself with, that the whole range of altered states, of visionary experience, of the great re-birthing and purifying rites of whichever stellar signatures are about, can

manifest within ones life. Yes, sometimes a person may intersect a broad realm of suffering, (for myself, this consumed my life for about the decade of my twenties,) which may seem meaningless at the time, yet it is only in the future, where the broader understandings begin to settle in, following, then, the outlines of the canyons and valleys, the mountains and rivers, carved from the landscape of ones inner psyche over long struggles. The person is now shaper, and shaped of those around and about, and as the past, the present, and the future begin to come into

symphony with ones self, this is the time when a career can be born, great literature may take shape, and the sparks of dreams and ambitions are once again set free, or loose from the prison of chaos, and disorder. Perhaps, it is the inclination toward order itself, which forms the world as we know it. When ones life is structured by the drive to cleanliness, order, and harmony... then (only then) is one really alive, and thriving... and as ones artistic leanings are shown, then he or she is really leaning against heavens wealth and wonders, and an vibrant, electrified,

pulsating current of living energy becomes his or her 'chi,' his life force, and then, to think that one can be alive and *not* be a transmitter, or conveyer, of higher truth is absurd. So, we want to 'store up riches in heaven,' over earthly ambitions. Those things, entities, and energies which seem to take one 'out of oneself' are avoided, displaced, then, by the pure, the vital, the vibrant, and the radiant. These are our heavenly rewards. So, then we do not want to spoil that which has been given to us, with carelessness. One wants to be an living expression of longevity, over the

temporal, or the fleeting.

My yearning... the ancient stimulus to drink right from the fountain of eternal life... with its deep memories of nights long ago... my inner valleys, shared silently, together, within the warmth of long summer nights. A thousand lifetimes fill my memories, nestled closely and warmly together like a great, comforting blanket around my entire awareness. And I embrace the whole of the velvety night, feeling her every fervant curve. I had stretched out upon a giant bed,

somewhere far beneath the surface of the great Earth, in a cavern so monumental and breathtaking in its immensity, just myself with my love, silently dreaming upon this big, warm bed. We watched great dancing shadows stretching out, upward, and over our heads, like tremendous nocturnal watchers, hovering and dancing around and around. Still I wished for more. Still I wanted to come closer, somehow, to my own self, here deep within the Earth... and know, without doubt, that I am finally and lastly alive!

Never again to crave the mysterious,

simply leaning directly against the great Solar System, knowing fully all she contains, the texture of every boulder and cloud formation of each singing planet... feeling and knowing the systems of order, understanding that which my feet have so sullenly trod upon, unthinkingly, before.

Yes. I think I shall understand and embrace these things one day, and at last be truly glad. And like a distant memory, to a forgetful housecat, trouble my love no more, with my ceaseless hunger, and yearning for the indescribable... even beyond all stars and systems, I await

transformation, even as cruel winds are
etching my eyes, and stinging my ears,
with their incessant bitterness.

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